

Thomas Hardy, one of the best English novelists, is widely acknowledged as a recognized master of a short story. His stories deal with the problems associated with marriage and relationship between men and women; they show the author's deep insight into affairs of the heart and love, which can be romantic and dramatic, imaginary and real, passionate and doomed. Hardy's unique narrative power and fantasy, kind humour, convincing characters and a supreme sense of period make these stories some of the finest in the literature.

Томас Харди, один из лучших английских писателей, является признанным мастером короткого рассказа. Его рассказы затрагивают проблемы брака и взаимоотношений между мужчинами и женщинами, проявляя способность автора проникнуть в самую глубь душевных переживаний и любви: романтической и трагической, воображаемой и подлинной, страстной и обреченной. Талант рассказчика и фантазия, присущие Харди, добрый юмор, убедительные характеры и превосходное чувство эпохи позволяют включить этот сборник в число самых лучших коротких рассказов в литературе.



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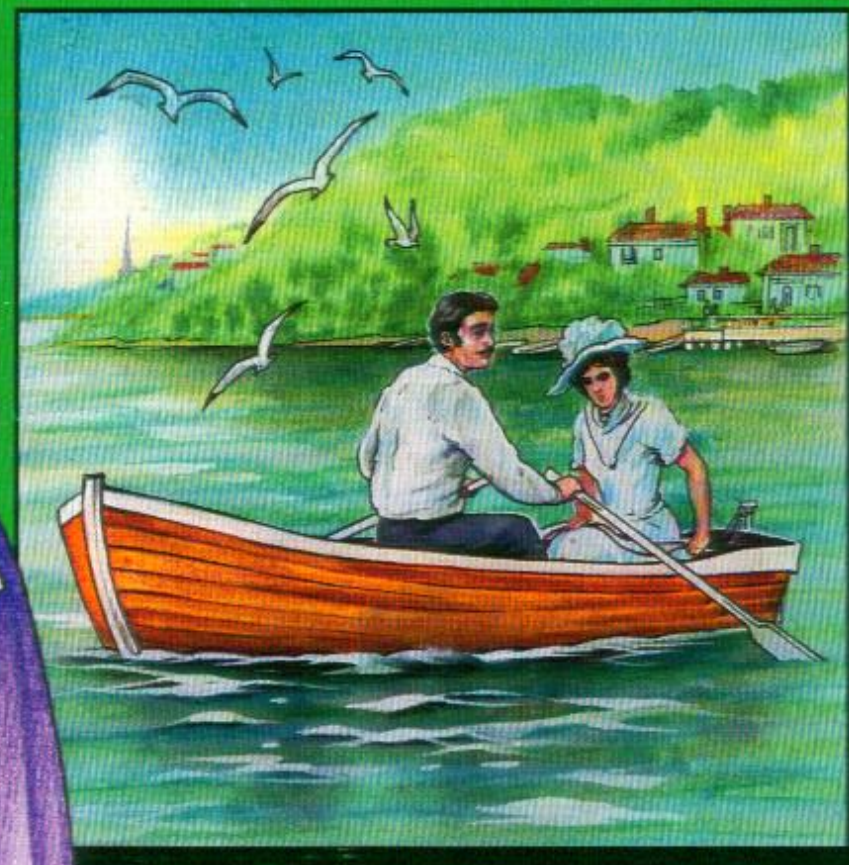


АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Томас Харди

Advanced

Короткие рассказы



Thomas Hardy

Short Stories

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

Advanced



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Томас Харди

**Короткие
рассказы**

*Адаптация, комментарий, упражнения
и словарь Е. В. Угаровой*

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Книга представляет собой сборник избранных рассказов известного английского писателя Томаса Харди, подвергшихся незначительному сокращению и адаптации. После каждого рассказа приводится перевод отдельных слов на русский язык, лексико-грамматический и страноведческий комментарий, а также упражнения, направленные на проверку понимания текста, закрепление новых слов и выражений и отработку навыков речевой деятельности.

Книга предназначена для учащихся старших классов средних школ, гимназий, лицеев, студентов I–II курсов неязыковых вузов.

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A Few Crusted Characters

INTRODUCTION

It is a Saturday afternoon of blue and yellow autumn time, and the scene is the High Street of a well-known market-town. A large carrier's van stands in the court of the White Hart Inn. Upon the sides of the van it is painted: 'Burthen, Carrier to Longpuddle.' These vans, so numerous here, are a respectable transport, preferred by decent travellers with not much money. The better among them roughly correspond to the old French *diligences*¹.

This van is timed to leave the town at four in the afternoon precisely, and it is now half-past three. In a few seconds errand-boys from the shops begin to arrive with packages, which they throw into the vehicle, and turn away whistling, and care for the packages no more. At twenty minutes to four an elderly woman places

her basket in the van, slowly gets in, takes up a seat inside, and folds her hands and her lips. She has got her corner for the journey, though there is as yet no sign of a horse being put in, nor of a carrier. At the three-quarters, two other women arrive, in whom the first recognizes the postmistress of Upper Longpuddle and the registrar's wife, they recognizing her as the aged groceress of the same village. At five minutes to the hour there approach Mr Profitt, the schoolmaster, in a soft hat, and Christopher Twink, the master-thatcher. At four o'clock sharp appear the parish clerk and his wife, the seedsman and his aged father, and the registrar; also Mr Day, the world-ignored local landscape-painter, an elderly man who lives in his native place, and has never sold a picture outside it, though his pretensions to art have been nobly supported by his fellow-villagers. Their remarkable confidence in his genius has led them to buy almost all his paintings (at the price of a few shillings each, it is true) and now every house in the parish has three or four of those admired productions on its walls.

Burthen, the carrier, is by this time seen near the vehicle; the horses are put in, the carrier arranges the reins and springs up into his seat.

'Is everybody here?' he asks over his shoulder to the passengers in the van.

As those who were not there could not reply, the van with its passengers started. It moved slowly till it reached the bridge. The carrier pulled up suddenly.

'Bless my soul!' he said, 'I've forgot the curate!'

All who could do so looked from the little back window of the van, but the curate was not in sight.

'Now I wonder where that there man is?' continued the carrier.

'Poor man, **he ought to have a living at his time of life**².'

'And he ought to be punctual,' said the carrier. "'Four o'clock sharp is my time for starting," I said to him. And he said, "I'll be there." Now he's not here, and as a serious old church-minister he ought to be as good as his word. Perhaps Mr Flaxton knows, **being in the same line of life**³?' He turned to the parish clerk.

'I was talking a great deal with him, that's true, half an hour ago,' replied the man. 'But he didn't say he would be late.'

The discussion was cut off by the appearance round the corner of the van of rays from the curate's spectacles, followed by his face and white whiskers. Nobody reproached him, seeing how he was reproaching himself; and he entered breathlessly and took his seat.

'Now be we all here?' said the carrier again. They started a second time, and moved on till they were about three hundred yards out of the town, and had nearly reached the second bridge, behind which the road takes a turn.

'**Well, as I'm alive!**⁴' cried the postmistress from the interior of the van, looking through the little square back-window along the road.

'What?' said the carrier. 'Somebody else?' he asked and stopped.

'Ay, sure!' All waited silently, while those who could look out did so.

'I just put it to ye, neighbours, can any man keep time in such circumstances?' said Burthen. '**Bain't we full a'ready?**⁵ Who in the world can the man be?'

'He's a gentleman,' said the schoolmaster. From his position he could see the road better than his comrades.

The stranger, who had been holding up his umbrella to attract their attention, was walking forward slowly, now that he found, that the van had stopped. His clothes were decidedly not of a local cut, though it was difficult to point out any particular mark of difference. In his left hand he carried a small leather travelling bag. As soon as he had come to the van he glanced at the inscription on its side, as if to assure himself that he had stopped the right vehicle, and asked if they had room.

The carrier replied that though they were pretty full he supposed they could carry one more. So the stranger got in and took the seat cleared for him. And then the horses made another move, this time for good, and went along with their burden of fourteen souls.

'You bain't **one of these parts**⁶, sir?' said the carrier. 'I could tell that as far as I could see 'ee.'

'Yes, I am one of these parts,' said the stranger. 'I was born at Longpuddle, and lived at Longpuddle, and my father and grandfather before me,' said the passenger quietly.

'Why, to be sure,' said the aged groceress in the background, 'it isn't John Lackland's son — never — it can't be — he who went to foreign parts thirty-five years ago with his wife and family? Yet — what do I hear? — that's his father's voice!'

'That's the man,' replied the stranger. 'John Lackland was my father, and I am John Lackland's son. Thirty-five years ago, when I was a boy of eleven, my parents emigrated across the seas, taking me and my sister with them. Kytes's boy Tony was the one who drove us and our belongings to Casterbridge on the morning we left; and his was the last Longpuddle face I saw. We sailed the same week across the ocean, and there we've been ever since, and there I've left those I went with — all three.'

'Alive or dead?'

'Dead,' he replied in a low voice. 'And I have come back to the old place, having a thought — not a definite intention, but just a thought — that I should like to return here in a year or two, to spend the remainder of my days.'

'Married man, Mr Lackland?'

'No.'

'In these rich new countries that we hear of so much, you've got rich with the rest?'

'I am not very rich,' Mr Lackland said. 'Even in new countries, you know, there are failures. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and even if it sometimes is, you may be neither swift nor strong. However, that's enough about me. Now, having answered your questions, you must answer mine. I've come down here entirely to discover what Longpuddle is looking like, and who are living there. That was why I preferred a seat in your van to hiring a carriage for driving across.'

'Well, as for Longpuddle, we live there much as usual. **Old figures have dropped out o' their frames, so to speak it**⁷, and new ones have been put in their places. You mentioned Tony Kytes as having been the one to drive your family and your goods to Casterbridge in his father's wagon when you left. Tony is, I believe, living still, but not at Longpuddle. He went away and settled at Lewgate, near Mellstock, after his marriage. Ah, Tony was a sort o' man!'

'His character was not seen when I knew him.'

'No. But 'twas well enough, as far as that goes — except as to women. I shall never forget his courting — never!'

The returned villager waited silently, and the carrier went on.

Vocabulary

carrier перевозчик, возчик

errand-boys посыльные

postmistress зд. жена почтмейстера

registrar зд. приходский писарь

master-thatcher кровельщик, изготавливающий соломенные крыши

reins вожжи

curate викарий, младший приходский священник

church-minister священнослужитель

cut зд. покрой одежды

failure зд. неудачник

courting ухаживания

Notes

1. **diligences** — фр. дилижансы; запряженные лошадьми многоместные крытые фургоны, использовавшиеся для перевозки почты, пассажиров и багажа до развития сети железных дорог и других видов транспорта

2. **he ought to have a living at his time of life** — в его годы давно уже пора бы иметь свой собственный приход
3. **being in the same line of life** — вы же с ним по одной части
4. **Well, as I'm alive!** — Ну и ну!
5. **Bain't we full a'ready?** — Да и все места у нас вроде заняты.
6. **one of these parts** — родом из здешних мест
7. **The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong** — В гонках не всегда побеждает самый быстрый, а в битве самый сильный
8. **Old figures have dropped out o' their frames, so to speak it** — Из прежних кое-кого уже нет — вынули, так сказать, старые портреты из рам

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What was the destination of the van?
- 2) When was the van timed to leave the town?
- 3) Why was the carrier angry with the curate?
- 4) How many people were travelling in the van?
- 5) What did the last passenger look like?
- 6) Who recognized the newcomer?
- 7) Who told the story of Tony Kytes?

2 Who said these words?

- 1) I've forgot the curate!
- 2) Well, as I'm alive!
- 3) He's a gentleman.
- 4) I am one of these parts.
- 5) Ah, Tony was a sort o' man!

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) претензии на искусство;
- 2) ответить отрицательно;
- 3) дискуссия была прервана;
- 4) чужие края;
- 5) твердое намерение.

4 Complete the sentences using nouns from the text.

- 1) The painter had lived all his life in his native _____.
- 2) The passengers looked from the little back window, but the curate was not in _____.
- 3) As a serious old church-minister, the curate ought to be as good as his _____.
- 4) The clothes of the stranger were decidedly not of a local _____.
- 5) Even in new countries there are _____.

5 Explain in English what these people do.

- 1) seedsman
- 2) errand-boy
- 3) grocer
- 4) landscape-painter
- 5) carrier
- 6) schoolmaster
- 7) curate
- 8) master-thatcher

6 Say why:

- 1) the villagers bought the pictures of the landscape-painter.
- 2) the stranger returned to his native village.

- 3) the stranger preferred a seat in the van to hiring a carriage.
- 4) nobody reproached the curate when he appeared.

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why and where do you think the parents of the stranger emigrated? Did they manage to get rich there? Do people often get rich when they emigrate to other countries? What are the difficulties of living in a foreign country?
- 2) Why did the stranger prefer to spend the remainder of his days in England? What do you think he hoped to find there?
- 3) What do you think of punctuality? Why is it necessary to be punctual? Is it difficult to be punctual?

8 Agree or disagree with the following statements. Give your reasons.

- 1) Any serious person ought to be as good as his word.
- 2) The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Tony Kytes, the Arch-Deceiver

'I shall never forget Tony's face. 'Twas a little, round, firm, face, with a spot here and there left by the smallpox, but not enough to hurt his looks in a woman's eye. So very serious looking and unsmiling he was, that young man, that it really seemed as if he couldn't laugh at all without great pain to his conscience. And there was no more sign of a whisker or beard on Tony Kytes's face than on the palm of my hand. But he was quite the women's favourite, and in return for their likings he loved 'em all.

'But in course of time Tony got fixed down to one in particular, Milly Richards, a nice, light, small, tender little thing; and it was soon said that they were engaged to be married. One Saturday he had been to market to do business for his father, and was driving home the wagon in the afternoon. When he reached the foot of the very hill we shall be going over in ten minutes who should he see waiting for him at the top but Unity Sallet, a handsome girl, one of the young women he'd been very tender with before he'd got engaged to Milly.

'As soon as Tony came up to her she said, "My dear Tony, will you give me a lift home?"

"That I will, darling," said Tony. "You don't suppose I could refuse 'ee?"

'She smiled a smile, and up she got, and on drove Tony.

"Tony," she says, in a sort of tender voice, "why did ye desert me for that other one? In what is she better than I? I should have made 'ee a finer wife, and a more loving one too. Think how long we've known each other — ever since we were children almost — now haven't we, Tony?"

"Yes, that we have," says Tony, struck with the truth of it.

"And you've never seen anything in me to complain of, have ye, Tony? Now tell the truth to me."

"I never have, upon my life," says Tony.

"And — can you say I'm not pretty, Tony? Now look at me!"

'He let his eyes look at her for a long while. "I really can't," says he. "In fact, I've never seen you were so pretty before!"

"Prettier than she?"

'What Tony would have said to that nobody knows, but before he could speak, what should he see ahead, over the hedge past the turning, but a feather he knew well — the feather in Milly's hat — she whom he had been thinking of marrying.

"Unity," says he, as mild as he could, "here's Milly coming. She'll be angry if she sees you riding here with me; and if you get down she'll be turning the corner in a moment, and, seeing you in the road, she'll know we've been coming on together. Now,

dearest Unity, will ye, to avoid all unpleasantness, will ye lie down in the back part of the wagon, and let me cover you over with the tarpaulin till Milly has passed? It will all be done in a minute. Do! — and I'll think over what we've said; and perhaps I shall put a loving question to you after all, instead of to Milly. 'Tisn't true that it is all settled between her and me."

'Well, Unity Sallet agreed, and lay down at the back end of the wagon, and Tony covered her over, so that the wagon seemed to be empty except **but for the loose tarpaulin**¹; and then he drove on to meet Milly.

"My dear Tony!" cried Milly, as he came near. "How long you've been coming home! And I've come to meet you as you asked me to do, and to ride back with you, and talk over our future home — since you asked me, and I promised."

"Ay, my dear, I did ask 'ee, now I think of it — but I had quite forgot it. To ride back with me, did you say, dear Milly?"

"Well, of course! What can I do else? Surely you don't want me to walk, now I've come all this way?"

"O no, no! I was thinking you might be going on to town to meet your mother. I saw her there — and she looked as if she might be expecting 'ee."

"O no; she's just home. She came across the fields, and so got back before you."

"Ah! I didn't know that," says Tony. And he had to take her up beside him.

'They talked on very pleasantly, and looked at the trees, and birds, and insects, and at the people at work in the fields, till who should they see looking out of the upper window of a house that stood beside the road they were following, but Hannah Jolliver, another young beauty of the place at that time, and the very first woman that Tony had fallen in love with — before Milly and before Unity, in fact — the one that he had almost arranged to marry instead of Milly. She was a much more dashing girl than Milly Richards, though he'd not thought much of her lately. The house Hannah was looking from was her aunt's.

"My dear Milly — my coming wife, as I may call 'ee," says Tony in his modest way, and not so loud that Unity could overhear, "I see a young woman looking out of window, who I think may talk to me. The fact is, Milly, she imagined that I was wishing to marry her, and since she's discovered I've promised another, and a prettier than she, I'm rather afraid of her temper if she sees us together. Now, Milly, would you do me a favour — my coming wife, as I may say?"

"Certainly, dearest Tony," says she.

"Then would ye creep under the empty sacks just here in the front of the wagon, and hide there out of sight till we've passed the house? She hasn't seen us yet. You see, we ought to live in peace and goodwill."

"I don't mind, to oblige you, Tony," Milly said; and though she didn't like it, she crept under the tarpaulin just behind the seat. Unity was at the other end. So they drove on till they got near the road-side cottage. Hannah had soon seen him coming, and waited at the window, looking down upon him.

"Well, aren't you going to be polite enough to ask me to ride home with you?" she says, seeing that he was driving past with a nod and a smile.

"Ah, to be sure! What was I thinking of?" said Tony, **in a flutter**². "But you seem as if you was staying at your aunt's?"

"No, I am not," she said. "Don't you see I have my bonnet and jacket on? I have only called to see her on my way home. How can you be so stupid, Tony?"

"In that case — ah — of course you must come along wi' me," says Tony, feeling sweat rising up inside his clothes. He stopped the horse, and waited till she'd come downstairs, and then helped her up beside him. He drove on again, his face as long as a face that was a round one by nature well could be.

'Hannah looked into his eyes. "This is nice, isn't it, Tony?" she says. "I like riding with you."

'Tony looked back into her eyes. "And I with you," he said after a while. The more he looked at her the more he liked her, till he couldn't think why he had ever said a word about marriage to

Milly or Unity while Hannah Jolliver was in question³. So they sat a little closer and closer, and Tony thought over and over again how handsome Hannah was. He spoke tenderer and tenderer, and called her "dear Hannah" in a whisper at last.

"You've settled it with Milly by this time, I suppose," said she.

"N — no, not exactly."

"What? How low you talk, Tony."

"Yes — I've a kind of hoarseness⁴. I said, not exactly."

"I suppose you mean to?"

"Well, as to that — " His eyes rested on her face, and hers on his. He wondered how he could have been such a fool as not to follow up Hannah. "My sweet Hannah!" he bursts out, taking her hand, not being really able to help it, and forgetting Milly and Unity, and all the world besides. "Settled it? I don't think I have!"

"Listen!" says Hannah.

"What?" says Tony, letting go her hand.

"Surely I heard a little squeak under those sacks! Why, you've been carrying corn, and there's mice in this wagon, I think!" She began to pick up her skirts.

"Oh no; 'tis the wheel," said Tony in an assuring way. "It goes like that sometimes in dry weather."

"Perhaps it was ... Well, now, to be quite honest, dear Tony, do you like her better than me? Because — because I do like 'ee, Tony, to tell the truth; and I wouldn't say no if you asked me — you know what."

Tony was so won over by this pretty offering mood of a girl who had been quite the opposite (Hannah was shy at times) that he just glanced behind, and then whispered very soft, "I haven't quite promised her, and I think I can get out of it, and ask you that question you speak of."

"Leave Milly? — all to marry me! How delightful!" broke out Hannah, quite loud, clapping her hands.

At this there was a real squeak — an angry squeak, and afterward a long moan, as if something had broke its heart, and a movement of the empty sacks.

"Something's there!" said Hannah, starting up.

"It's nothing, really," says Tony, trying to find a way out of this. "I didn't tell 'ee at first, because I didn't want to frighten 'ee. But, Hannah, I've really a couple of ferrets in a bag under there, for rabbiting, and they quarrel sometimes. I don't wish it known, as 'twould be called poaching. Oh, they can't get out, bless ye — you are quite safe! And — and — what a fine day it is, isn't it, Hannah, for this time of year? Are you going to market next Saturday? How is your aunt now?" And so on, says Tony, to keep her from talking any more about love in Milly's hearing.

Wondering again how he should get out of this ticklish business⁵, he looked about for a chance. Not far from home he saw his father in a field, holding up his hand as if he wished to speak to Tony.

"Would you mind taking the reins a moment, Hannah," he said, "while I go and find out what father wants?"

She agreed, and away he hastened into the field, only too glad to get breathing time⁶. "Come, come, Tony," says old Mr Kytes, as soon as his son was near him, "this won't do, you know."

"What?" says Tony.

"Why, if you mean to marry Milly Richards, do it. But don't go driving about the country with Jolliver's daughter and making a scandal."

"I only asked her — that is, she asked me, to ride home."

"She? Why, now, if it had been Milly, it would have been quite proper; but you and Hannah Jolliver going about by yourselves — "

"Milly's there too, father."

"Milly? Where?"

"Under the corn-sacks! Yes, the truth is, father, I've got a problem, I'm afraid! Unity Sallet is there too — yes, at the other end, under the tarpaulin. All three are in that wagon, and what to do with 'em I do not know! The best plan is, as I'm thinking, to speak out loud and clear to one of 'em before the rest, and that will settle it. Now which would you marry, father, if you were in my place?"

"Whichever of 'em *did* not ask to ride with you?"

“That was Milly. But Milly — “

“Then stick to Milly, she’s the best ... But look at that!”

‘His father pointed toward the wagon. “She can’t hold that horse in. You shouldn’t have left the reins in her hands. Run on and take the horse’s head, or there’ll be some accident to the girls!”

‘Tony’s horse, in fact, in spite of all Hannah’s efforts, had started on his way, as it was very anxious to get back to the stable after a long day out. Without another word Tony rushed away from his father to the horse.

‘It was, of course, Milly who had screamed under the sack-bags. She had to let off her anger and shame in that way at what Tony was saying. She moved and turned and what did she see but another woman’s foot and white stocking close to her head. It quite frightened her, because she did not know that Unity Sallet was in the wagon too. But after her fear was over she decided to get to the bottom of all this, and she crept and crept under the tarpaulin, like a snake, when she came face to face with Unity.

“Well, if this isn’t awful!” says Milly in an angry whisper to Unity.

“ ‘Tis,” says Unity, “to see you hiding in a young man’s wagon like this!”

“Mind what you are saying!” replied Milly, getting louder. “I am engaged to be married to him, and haven’t I a right to be here? What right have you, I should like to know?”

“Don’t you be too sure!” says Unity. “He’s going to have Hannah, and not you, nor me either; I could hear that.”

‘Now at these strange voices sounding from under the cloth Hannah got terrified, and it was just at this time that the horse moved on. The horse went on, and, coming to the corner, turned too quick, the wagon turned over and the three girls rolled out into the road.

‘When Tony came up, frightened and breathless, he saw that neither of his darlings was hurt, beyond a few scratches. But he was rather alarmed when he heard how they were going on at one another.

“Don’t ye quarrel, my dears — don’ ye!” says he, taking off his hat out of respect to ’em.

“Now I’ll tell you the truth, because I ought to,” says Tony, as soon as he could get heard. “And this is the truth,” says he. “I’ve asked Hannah to be mine, and she is willing, and we are going to get married — “

‘Tony had not noticed that Hannah’s father was coming up behind, nor had he noticed that Hannah’s face was beginning to bleed from the scratch of a bramble. Hannah had seen her father, and had run to him, crying worse than ever.

“My daughter is *not* willing, sir!” says Mr. Jolliver hot and strong. “Are you willing, Hannah? I ask ye to have spirit enough to refuse him.”

“I have spirit, and I do refuse him!” says Hannah, partly because her father was there, and partly, too, in an anger because of the discovery, and the scratch on her face. “I didn’t know that I was talking to such a false deceiver!”

“What, you won’t have me, Hannah?” says Tony, not able to believe her.

“Never — I would sooner marry no — nobody at all!” she cried, though **with her heart in her throat**⁷. And having said that, she walked away upon her father’s arm, though hoping he would ask her again.

‘Tony didn’t know what to say next. Milly was sobbing her heart out; but as his father had strongly recommended her Tony was against this idea. So he turned to Unity.

“Well, will you, Unity dear, be mine?” he says.

“**Take her leavings?**⁸ Not I!” says Unity. And away walks Unity Sallet too, though she looked back when she’d gone some way, to see if he was following her.

‘So there at last were left Milly and Tony by themselves, she crying, and Tony looking like a tree struck by lightning.

“Well, Milly,” he says at last, going up to her, “it does seem that it should be you and I, or nobody. And what must be must be, I suppose. Hey, Milly?”

“If you like, Tony. You didn’t really mean what you said to them?”

“Not a word of it!” declares Tony, bringing down his fist upon his palm.

‘I was not able to go to their wedding, but it was a rare party. Everybody in Longpuddle was there; you among the rest, I think, Mr Flaxton?’ The speaker turned to the parish clerk.

‘I was,’ said Mr. Flaxton. ‘And that party was the reason of a very curious change in some other people’s affairs; I mean in Steve Hardcome’s and his cousin James’s.’

‘Ah! the Hardcomes,’ said the stranger. ‘How familiar that name is to me! What of them?’

The clerk cleared his throat and began.

Vocabulary

smallpox оспа

wagon повозка

tarpaulin брезент

dashing яркий, привлекательный

overhear нечаянно услышать

follow up доводить до конца

squeak писк, визг

ferret хорек

rabbiting охота на кроликов

poaching браконьерство

stern строгий

bramble ежевика

Notes

1. **but for the loose tarpaulin** — кроме смятого брезента
2. **in a flutter** — в смятении
3. **while Hannah Jolliver was in question** — когда есть такая девушка, как Ханна Джолливер

4. **I’ve a kind of hoarseness** — Что-то я охрип
5. **get out of this ticklish business** — выпутаться из этого щекотливого положения
6. **to get breathing time** — получить передышку
7. **with her heart in her throat** — у нее перехватило в горле
8. **Take her leavings?** — Подбирать чужие объедки?

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Tony Kytes look like?
- 2) How many girls did he meet?
- 3) Where did he ask the girls to hide?
- 4) How did he explain the squeaks to Hannah?
- 5) Which of the girls did Tony’s father recommend?
- 6) Why did Hannah and Unity refuse to marry Tony?

2 Who said these to whom?

- 1) I should have made ’ee a finer wife, and a more loving one too.
- 2) ’Tisn’t true that it is all settled between her and me.
- 3) I was thinking you might be going on to town to meet your mother.
- 4) I’ve really a couple of ferrets in a bag under there, for rabbiting, and they quarrel sometimes.
- 5) I ask ye to have spirit to refuse him.

3 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Hannah hears squeaks.
- 2) The wagon turns over.
- 3) Unity lies down at the back of the wagon.
- 4) Tony takes Hannah up into the wagon.

- 5) Driving home Tony sees Unity.
- 6) The girls quarrel.
- 7) Tony sees the feather in Milly's hat.
- 8) Hannah's father makes his daughter refuse Tony.
- 9) Milly creeps under the tarpaulin behind the seat.
- 10) Tony proposes marriage to Milly.

4 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) подвезти до дома;
- 2) во избежание неприятностей;
- 3) оказать услугу;
- 4) выпутаться из щекотливой ситуации;
- 5) добраться до сути дела.

5 Fill in the gaps with the prepositions *up, to, with, in, off, out*.

- 1) Tony got fixed down _____ a nice and tender girl.
- 2) Tony was struck _____ the truth of Unity's words.
- 3) Tony wondered why he had chosen Milly while Hannah was _____ question.
- 4) Tony wished he had followed _____ Hannah.
- 5) Milly screamed under the sacks letting _____ her anger and shame.
- 6) Milly was sobbing her heart _____.

6 Paraphrase the italicized words.

- 1) Perhaps I shall *put a loving question* to you, instead of to Milly.
- 2) Tony was alarmed when he heard how the girls were *going at one another*.
- 3) We ought to live *in peace and goodwill*.

7 Imagine that you are:

- *Unity*. Say:
 - 1) how you got acquainted with Tony.

- 2) why Tony deserted you.
- 3) why you asked Tony to give you a lift.
- 4) what happened later.
- 5) why you refused to marry Tony.
- 6) whether you thought that Tony would propose to you again.

- *Tony's father*. Say:

- 1) what you feel about your son.
- 2) whether your son listened to your advice.
- 3) what was your reaction when you saw him with Hannah.
- 4) which girl you recommended to him and why.

8 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Tony Kytes was a women's favourite? Was he polite and attentive to women? Did he treat his girlfriends with respect? Give your reasons.
- 2) What do you feel about Tony? Do you like him? Can such a man make a faithful husband? Do you know such people as Tony?
- 3) Why do you think the girls agreed to hide under the sacks? Did his deception hurt them?

The History of the Hardcomes

'Yes, Tony's was the very best wedding-party that ever I was at. It was on a frosty night in Christmas week, and among the people invited were these Hardcomes of Climmerston — Steve and James — cousins, both of them small farmers. With them came, as a matter of course, their brides, two young women of the neighbourhood, both very pretty and cheerful.

'The kitchen was cleared of furniture for dancing. The top

of the figure was by the large front window of the room, and there were so many couples that you couldn't see the end of the row at all, and it was never known exactly how long that dance was.

'Among those who danced most continually were the two engaged couples, as was natural to their situation. Each pair was very well matched, and very unlike the other. James's bride was called Emily Darrh, and both she and James were gentle, nice, indoor people, fond of a quiet life. Steve and his future wife, named Olive Pawle, were different; they were of a more energetic nature, fond of racketing about and seeing what was going on in the world. The two couples had arranged to get married on the same day.

'They danced with such a will as only young people in that stage of courtship can dance; and it happened that once James had for his partner Stephen's bride, Olive, at the same time Stephen was dancing with James's Emily. It was noticed that in spite of the exchange the young men seemed to enjoy the dance no less than before.

'After finishing a particularly warming dance with the changed partners, as I've mentioned, the two young men looked at one another, and in a moment or two went out into the porch together.

"James," says Steve, "what were you thinking of when you were dancing with my Olive?"

"Well," said James, "perhaps what you were thinking of when you were dancing with my Emily."

"I was thinking," said Steve, with some hesitation, "that I wouldn't mind changing **for good and all!**"

"It was what I was feeling too," said James.

"I willingly agree to it, if you think we could manage it."

"So do I. But what would the girls say?"

"'Tis my belief," said Steve, "that they wouldn't particularly object. Your Emily clung as close to me as if she already belonged to me, dear girl."

"And your Olive to me," says James. "I could feel her heart beating like a clock."

'Well, they agreed to put it to the girls when they were all four walking home together. And they did so. When they parted that night the exchange was decided on — all having been done under the hot excitement of that evening's dancing. As they had decided, so they were married, each one to the other's original bride.

'Well, the two couples lived on for a year or two ordinarily enough, till the time came when these young people began to grow a little less warm to their wives, as is the rule of married life; and the two cousins wondered more and more in their hearts what had made 'em so mad at the last moment to marry crosswise as they did, when they might have married straight, as was planned by nature, and as they had fallen in love. James, being a quiet, **fire-side man**², felt at times a wide gap between himself and Olive, his wife, who loved riding and driving and out door walks; while Steve, who was always racketing about, had a very domestic wife, who worked samplers, and made hearthrugs and only drove out with him to please him.

'However, they said very little about this mismating to any of their acquaintances, though sometimes Steve would look at James's wife and sigh, and James would look at Steve's wife and do the same. Indeed, at last the two men were frank enough towards each other and **admitted their foolishness in upsetting a well-considered choice on the strength of an hour's fancy in the wildness of a dance**³. Still, they were reasonable and honest young fellows, and did their best **to make shift with their lot**⁴ as they had arranged it, and not to complain about something that could not be changed.

'So things remained till one fine summer day they went for their yearly little outing together, as they had made it their custom to do for a long while past. This year they chose Budmouth-Regis as the place to spend their holiday in; and off they went in their best clothes at nine o'clock in the morning.

'When they had reached Budmouth-Regis they walked two and two along the shore. Then they looked at the ships in the harbour, then had dinner at an inn, and then again walked two

and two. In the evening they sat on one of the public seats upon the **Esplanade**⁵, and listened to the band; and then they said, "What shall we do next?"

"Of all things," said Olive (Mrs James Hardcome, that is), "I should like to row in the bay! We could listen to the music from the water as well as from here, and have the fun of rowing besides."

"The very thing; so should I," says Stephen. His tastes were always like hers.

Here the clerk turned to the curate.

"But you, sir, know the rest of the strange particulars of that strange evening of their lives better than anybody else. You have had much of it from their own lips, which I had not; and perhaps you'll tell them to the gentleman?"

"Certainly, if it is wished," said the curate. And he took up the clerk's story:

"Stephen's wife hated the sea, except from land, and couldn't bear the thought of going into a boat. James, too, disliked the water, and said that for his part he would prefer to stay on and listen to the band in the seat they occupied. The end of the discussion was that James and his cousin's wife Emily agreed to remain where they were sitting and enjoy the music, while they watched the other two hire a boat and take their water-excursion of half an hour or so.

"Stephen and Olive were very pleased with this arrangement; and Emily and James watched them go down to the boatman below and choose one of the little yellow boats. When they were settled in the boat they waved their hands to the couple watching them.

"How pretty they look moving on, don't they?" said Emily to James. "They both enjoy it. In everything their likings are the same."

"That's true," said James. "It is a pity we have parted them."

"Don't talk of that, James," said Emily. "For better or for worse we decided to do as we did, and there's an end of it."

"They sat on after that without speaking, side by side, and

the band played as before; the people walked up and down; and Stephen and Olive got smaller and smaller as they went straight out to sea.

"The two on the shore talked on. "'Twas very curious — our changing partners at Tony Kytes's wedding," Emily declared. "Which of you two was it that first proposed not to marry as we were engaged?"

"H'm — I can't remember at this moment," says James. "We talked it over, you know; and no sooner said than done."

"'Twas the dancing," said she. "People get quite crazy sometimes in a dance."

"They do," he agreed.

"I sometimes think that Olive is in Steve's mind a good deal," says Mrs Stephen; "particularly when she rides past our window at a gallop on one of those horses ... I never could do anything of that sort; I could never get over my fear of a horse."

"And I am no horseman, though I pretend to be **on her account**⁶," said James Hardcome. "But isn't it almost time for them to turn round to the shore, as the other boating people have done?"

"No doubt they are talking, and don't think of where they are going," suggests Stephen's wife.

"Perhaps so," said James. "I didn't know Steve could row like that."

"O yes," says she. "He often comes here on business, and generally goes for a row round the bay."

"I can hardly see the boat or them," says James again; "and it is getting dark."

"The two in the boat were following same straight course away from the world of land-livers, as if they wanted to drop over the sea-edge into space, and never return to earth again.

"The two on the shore continued to sit on, punctually keeping their agreement to remain on the same spot till the others returned. The Esplanade lamps were lit one by one, the bandsmen departed and the little boats came back to shore one after another, but among these Stephen and Olive did not appear.

“What a time they are!” said Emily. “I am getting quite cold. I did not expect to have to sit so long in the evening air.”

‘James Hardcome gave her his overcoat.

“Well, they are sure to be quite close at hand by this time, though we can’t see ’em. The boats are not all in yet.”

“Shall we walk by the edge of the water,” said she, “to see if we can discover them?”

‘**They walked a sentry beat**⁷ up and down the sands immediately opposite the seat; and still the others did not come. James Hardcome at last went to the boatman.

“All in?” asked James.

“All but one boat,” said the boatman.

‘Again Stephen’s wife and Olive’s husband waited, with more and more anxiety. But no little yellow boat returned. Was it possible they could have landed further down the Esplanade?’

“It may have been done to escape paying,” said the boatowner. “But they didn’t look like people who would do that.”

‘James Hardcome knew that he could find no hope on such a reason as that. But now, remembering what had been discussed between Steve and himself about their wives from time to time, he admitted for the first time the possibility that their old tenderness had been revived by their face-to-face row and that they had landed at some place further down toward the pier, to be longer alone together.

‘Still he didn’t like this thought, and didn’t mention it to his companion. He merely said to her, “Let us walk further on.”’

‘They did so, and walked for a long time between the boat-stage and the pier. Emily was so tired that James felt it necessary to conduct her home; there was, too, a small chance that Steve and Olive had landed in the on the other side of the town and hastened home.

‘**However, he left a direction in the town that a lookout should be kept**⁸, and, full of misgivings, James and Emily hurried to catch the last train out of Budmouth-Regis. However, Stephen and Olive had not entered the village since leaving it in the morning. Emily

and James Hardcome went to their own houses to have a short night’s rest, and at daylight the next morning they drove again to Casterbridge to catch the first Budmouth train.

‘Nothing had been heard of the couple there during this brief absence. Then some young men said that they had seen such a man and woman rowing in a small boat. They had sat looking in each other’s faces as if they were in a dream. Later that day James learned that the boat had been found drifting bottom upward in the sea. In the evening two bodies were found on the shore several miles from the town. They were brought to Budmouth, and inspection confirmed that it was the missing pair. It was said that they had been found in each other’s arms, his lips upon hers, their features still had the same calm and dream-like expression.

‘Nothing was truly known. It had been their destiny to die in such a way. **The two halves, intended by Nature to make the perfect whole, had failed in that result during their lives, though “in their death they were not divided.”**⁹ Their bodies were brought home, and buried on one day. I remember that, on looking round the churchyard while I was reading the service, I observed nearly all the parish at their funeral.’

‘It was so, sir,’ said the clerk.

‘The remaining two,’ continued the curate ‘were a more thoughtful and far-seeing, though less romantic, couple than the first. They were now both left without a companion, and found themselves by this accident in a position to fulfil their destiny according to Nature’s plan and their own original and calmly-formed decision. James Hardcome married Emily a year after; and their marriage proved in every respect a happy one. Hardcome told me their story almost word for word as I have told it to you.’

‘And are they living in Longpuddle still?’ asked the newcomer.

‘O no, sir,’ said the clerk. ‘They are both dead.’

‘A rather melancholy story,’ observed the emigrant, after a minute’s silence.

'You don't know, Mr Lackland, I suppose, what happened between Andrey Satchel and Jane Vallens and the parson and clerk of Scrimpton?' said the master-thatcher. 'This story will cheer you up a little.'

Lackland said that he knew nothing of the history, and should be happy to hear it, because he remembered the personality of the man Satchel.

'Ah no; this Andrey Satchel is the son of the Satchel that you knew; this one married two or three years ago, and it was at the time of the wedding that the accident happened.'

Vocabulary

figure *зд.* все танцующие

bride невеста

racket about вести веселый образ жизни

courtship ухаживание

clung past om cling льнуть, прилипнуть

crosswise крест-накрест

sampler *зд.* вышивка

mismatching *зд.* супружеские трения

outing загородная прогулка

row прогулка на лодке; грести, кататься на весельной лодке

likings предпочтения, вкусы

revive воскрешать, возрождать

misgivings недобрые предчувствия

Notes

1. **for good and all** — навсегда
2. **fireside man** — домосед
3. **admitted their foolishness in upsetting a well-considered choice**

on the strength of an hour's fancy in the wildness of a dance — признали, что сделали глупость, отказавшись от своего продуманного выбора под влиянием мимолетной прихоти, возникшей в угаре танца

4. **to make shift with their lot** — примириться со своей участью
5. **Esplanade** — эспланада; широкая улица с аллеями, удобная для прогулок
6. **on her account** — ради нее
7. **They walked a sentry beat** — Они стали ходить, как патруль
8. **However, he left a direction in the town that a lookout should be kept** — Все же он попросил кого-то из города следить, не станет ли чего известно о лодке
9. **The two halves, intended by Nature to make the perfect whole, had failed in that result during their lives, though "in their death they were not divided"**. — Две половины, из которых природа предполагала составить совершенное целое, не достигли этого при жизни, хотя в смерти своей остались неразлучны.

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Who told the story of the Hardcomes?
- 2) What did James and Steve Hardcome do for a living?
- 3) Who were their brides?
- 4) When and why did they exchange partners?
- 5) When did the cousins realize that they had made a mistake?
- 6) Where did the Hardcomes go for an outing?
- 7) What did Olive offer to do?
- 8) When and where were Steve and Olive found?

2 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) James and Emily were very well matched.
- 2) Olive was a gentle domestic wife.
- 3) James and Steve discussed the particulars of their mismatching with all their acquaintances.
- 4) The Hardcomes did their best to shift with their lot.
- 5) Olive and Emily went for a row in the bay.
- 6) James and Emily waited for Olive and Steve the whole day and at night they returned home to have a short rest.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) обдуманный выбор;
- 2) у них одинаковые вкусы;
- 3) сказано — сделано;
- 4) преодолеть страх;
- 5) убежать, не заплатив;
- 6) выполнить предназначение судьбы.

4 Match the words in two columns according to the text.

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 1) to upset | a) the agreement |
| 2) to keep | b) the choice |
| 3) to feel | c) crosswise |
| 4) to leave | d) the story |
| 5) to marry | e) a direction |
| 6) to take up | f) the gap |

5 Complete the chart and describe the main characters.

Emily / pretty domestic / married first Steve then James / gentle / liked to work samplers

James _____
Olive _____
Steve _____

6 Put the verbs in brackets into the correct form.

- 1) The Hardcomes (come) _____ to the wedding with their brides.
- 2) Steve and Olive were active people, fond of (racket) _____ about.
- 3) Steve told James he (mind) _____ changing partners for good and all.
- 4) The Hardcomes married crosswise and not as they (fall) _____ in love.
- 5) James and Emily agreed to remain on the same spot on the Esplanade till the others (return) _____.
- 6) The marriage of James and Emily (prove) _____ a happy one.

7 Say why:

- 1) the Hardcomes changed partners.
- 2) their marriages were not happy.
- 3) the Hardcomes did not think of a divorce.

8 What do you think?

- 1) What do you think of the Hardcomes' idea to change partners? Was it a well-considered decision? Can people take the most important decisions of their life under the influence of emotions? Why is it difficult to think things over at once? Do you take spontaneous decisions?
- 2) What do you think happened to Steve and Olive at sea? Was their decision to go for a row a spontaneous one? Give your reasons.
- 3) Do you believe in saying "there is no escaping fate" (от судьбы не уйдешь)? Give your reasons.
- 4) What do you think of the way the Hardcomes spent their time? Do you share any of their likings? What other hobbies can you suggest for present-day young people?
- 5) Is it important for a married couple to have the same likings? Why?



Andrey Satchel and the Parson and Clerk

‘It all arose, you must know, from Andrey being fond of a drop of drink at that time — though he’s a sober enough man now, so much the better for him. Jane, his bride, you see, was somewhat older than Andrey; there were also other bodily circumstances —’

(‘Ah, poor thing!’ sighed the women.)

‘This made her very anxious to get the thing done before he changed his mind; and ’twas with a joyful mood that she, with Andrey and his brother and sister-in-law, went off to church one November morning to get married.

‘The church of Jane’s parish was a mile and more from the houses, and, as it was a wonderful fine day for the time of year, the plan was that as soon as they were married they would drive straight

off to Port Bredy, to see the ships and the sea, instead of coming back to a meal at the house of the distant relative she lived with, and moping about there all the afternoon.

‘Well, some people noticed that Andrey walked **with rather wambling steps**¹ to church that morning; the truth of it was that his nearest neighbour’s child had been christened the day before, and Andrey, as a good godfather, had stayed all night celebrating the christening. So that when he started from home in the morning he had not been in bed at all. The result was, as I say, that when he and his bride walked up the church to get married, the parson looked hard at Andrey, and said, very sharp:

“‘How’s this, my man? **You are in liquor.**² And so early, too. I’m ashamed of you!’”

“‘Well, that’s true, sir,” says Andrey. “But I can walk straight enough for practical purposes. I can walk a chalk line,” he says, getting hotter, “I think that if you, Parson Billy Toogood, had celebrated a christening all night so thoroughly as I have done, you wouldn’t be able to stand at all!’”

‘This answer made Parson Billy — as they used to call him — rather hot, because he was a warm-tempered man if provoked, and he said, very decidedly:

“‘Well, I cannot marry you in this state; and I will not! Go home and get sober!’ And he slapped the book together like a mouse-trap.

‘Then the bride burst out crying as if her heart would break. She feared that she would lose Andrey after all her hard work to get him. She begged and implored the parson to go on with the ceremony. But no.

“‘I won’t do that,” says Mr Toogood. “It is not right and decent. I am sorry for you, my young woman, but you’d better go home again. I wonder how you could think of bringing him here drunk like this!’”

“‘But if — if he don’t come drunk he won’t come at all, sir!’” she says, through her sobs.

“‘I can’t help that,” says the parson.

'Then she tried him in another way.

"Well, then, if you'll go home, sir, and leave us here, and come back to the church in an hour or two, I'm sure he will be as sober as a judge," she cries. "We'll stay here, with your permission; because if he once goes out of this here church unmarried, nobody will drag him back again!"

"Very well," says the parson. "I'll give you two hours, and then I'll return."

"And please, sir, lock the door, so that we can't escape!" says she.

"Yes," says the parson.

"And let nobody know that we are here."

The parson then went away. The witnesses, Andrey's brother and brother's wife, neither one of which cared about Andrey's marrying Jane, and had come rather against their will, said they couldn't wait two hours in that hole of a place, wishing to get home to Longpuddle before dinner-time. The clerk said there was no difficulty in their doing as they wished. They could go home as if their brother's wedding had actually taken place and the married couple had gone on to Port Bredy as intended. He, the clerk, and any casual passer-by would act as witnesses when the parson came back.

Andrey's relatives went away, and the clerk shut the church door and prepared to lock in the couple. The bride went up and whispered to him.

"My dear good clerk," she says, "if we stay here in the church, somebody may see us through the windows, and find out what has happened; and it would cause such a talk and scandal that dear Andrey might try to get out and leave me! Will ye lock us up in the tower, my dear good clerk?" she says.

The clerk had no objection to do this to help the poor young woman, and they brought Andrey into the tower, and the clerk locked them both up, and then went home, to return at the end of the two hours.

At home Parson Toogood saw a gentleman **in pink and top-boots**³ ride past his windows, and suddenly remembered about the hunt that day. The parson dearly loved the hunt, and he wanted to be there.

The clerk was the parson's groom and gardener and general manager, and had just got back to his work in the garden when he, too, saw the hunting man pass, and then saw lots more of them, and then he saw the dogs, the huntsman, Jim Treadhedge, and I don't know who besides. The clerk loved the hunt no less than the parson, so much that whenever he saw or heard the pack he could no more rule his feelings. Whatever he was doing — all was forgotten. So he throws down his spade and rushes in to the parson, who was by this time as eager to go as he.

The parson put on his riding-boots and breeches as quick as he could, and rode off towards the meet, intending to be back in an hour. The clerk was off after him. When the parson got to the meet, he found a lot of friends, and was as cheerful as he could be.

So, forgetting that he had meant to go back at once, the parson rides away with the rest of the hunt, all across the ground that lies between Lippet Wood and Green's Copse; and as he galloped he looked behind for a moment, and there was the clerk.

"Ha, ha, clerk — you here?" he says.

"Yes, sir, here am I," says the other.

"Fine exercise for the horses!"

"Ay, sir — hee hee!" says the clerk.

So they went on and on, into Green's Copse, then across to Higher Jirton; then on across this very road to Waterson Ridge, then away towards Yalbury Wood, like the very wind, the clerk close to the parson, and the parson not far from the dogs. Neither parson nor clerk thought one word about the unmarried couple locked up in the church tower waiting to get joined.

Well, it was quite dark when they entered the parsonage gate. And as they were so dog-tired, and so anxious about the horses, never once did they think of the unmarried couple. As soon as the horses had been stabled and fed, and **the parson and clerk had had a bit and a sup themselves**⁴, they went to bed.

Next morning when Parson Toogood was at breakfast, thinking of the wonderful hunt he'd had the day before, the clerk came in a hurry to the door and asked to see him.

“It has just come into my mind, sir, that we’ve forgot all about the couple that wanted to be married yesterday!”

‘The food dropped from the parson’s mouth as if he’d been shot. “Bless my soul,” says he, “so we have! How very awkward!”

“It is, sir; very. Perhaps we’ve ruined the woman!”

“Ah — I remember! She ought to have been married before.”

“If anything has happened to her up in that tower, and no doctor or nurse — “

(‘Ah — poor thing!’ sighed the women.)

“ — it will be a trial for us, not to speak of the disgrace to the Church!”

“Good God, clerk, don’t drive me wild!” says the parson. “Why didn’t I marry them, drunk or sober! Have you been to the church to see what happened to them, or asked in the village?”

“Not I, sir! It only came into my head a moment ago.”

‘Well, the parson jumped up from his breakfast, and they went off together to the church.

“It is not at all likely that they are there now,” says Mr Toogood, as they went; “and indeed I hope they are not. I am sure they have escaped and gone home.”

‘However, they entered the churchyard, and looking up at the tower, there they saw a little small white face and a little small hand waving. It was the bride.

‘They went on into the church, and unlocked the tower stairs, and immediately poor Jane and Andrey busted out like starved mice from a cupboard. Andrey was sober enough now, and his bride pale and cold, but otherwise as usual.

“What,” says the parson, with a great breath of relief, “you haven’t been here ever since?”

“Yes, we have, sir!” says the bride, sinking down upon a seat in her weakness. “Not a morsel, wet or dry, have we had since! It was impossible to get out without help, and here we’ve stayed!”

“But why didn’t you shout, good souls?” said the parson.

“She didn’t let me,” says Andrey.

““Because we were so ashamed at what had led to it,” sobs Jane. “We felt that **if it were noised abroad it would cling to us all our lives**⁵! So we waited and waited, and walked round and round; but never did you come till now!”

““To my regret!” says the parson. “Now, then, we will soon get it over.”

‘The clerk called in a second witness — a reliable person — and soon the knot was tied, and the bride looked smiling and calm.

““Now,” said Parson Toogood, “you two must come to my house, and **have a good lining put to your insides**⁶ before you go a step further.”

‘They were very glad of the offer, and went out of the churchyard by one path while the parson and clerk went out by the other. It did not attract attention because it was still early. They entered the rectory as if they’d just come back from their trip to Port Bredy; and then ate and drank until they could hold no more.

‘It was a long while before the story of what they had gone through was known, and they themselves laugh over it now; though what Jane got for her pains was **no great bargain**⁷ after all. But she saved her name.’

‘Was that the same Andrey who went to the squire’s house as one of the Christmas fiddlers?’ asked the seedsman.

‘No, no,’ replied Mr Profitt, the schoolmaster. ‘It was his father. Ay, it was because he was fond of eating and drinking.’ Finding that he had the ear of the audience, the schoolmaster continued without delay.

Vocabulary

sober трезвый

mope about скучать, хандрить

thoroughly основательно

warm-tempered вспыльчивый

groom конюх
pack зд. свора гончих
meet зд. место сбора охотников
trial судебный процесс
bust out выбежать
morsel кусочек

Notes

1. **with rather wambling steps** — довольно нетвердой походкой
2. **You are in liquor.** — Ты пьян.
3. **in pink and top-boots** — в красной куртке и высоких охотничьих сапогах
4. **the parson and clerk had had a bit and a sup themselves** — пастор и причетник сами немного перекусили
5. **if it were noised abroad it would cling to us all our lives** — если бы об этом стало известно, нас бы ославили на всю жизнь
6. **have a good lining put to your insides** — хорошенько подкрепиться
7. **no great bargain** — не бог весть что

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What are the main characters of this story?
- 2) Who accompanied Jane and Andrey to the church?
- 3) How did Jane and Andrey decide to celebrate their wedding?
- 4) Why did the parson refuse to marry Andrey and Jane?
- 5) When did the parson promise to return to the church?
- 6) Why did Jane ask the clerk to lock them in the tower?

- 7) Where did the parson and the clerk spend the whole day?
- 8) When did they marry the couple?

2 Say if the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) Jane wanted to get married as soon as possible because she was expecting a baby.
- 2) The parson asked Andrey to come back another day.
- 3) The parson and the clerk passionately loved the hunt and could not stay away from it.
- 4) The parson remembered about the unmarried couple late at night.
- 5) After the marriage service the clerk invited everyone to his house for breakfast.

3 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Andrey was in liquor on the day of his wedding because _____.
- 2) Jane asked the parson to leave them in the church because _____.
- 3) The witnesses refused to wait two hours longer because _____.
- 4) The parson and the clerk forgot about the couple locked up in the church because _____.
- 5) Andrey and Jane did not shout for help because _____.
- 6) The newly-weds agreed to go to the rectory after the ceremony because _____.

4 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) дальний родственник;
- 2) мышеловка;
- 3) случайный прохожий;
- 4) усталый как собака;

- 5) позор для церкви;
- 6) брачные узы были завязаны.

5 Match the words and phrases, which have the same meaning.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1) to bust out | a) to control emotions |
| 2) warm-tempered | b) hungry to death |
| 3) to rule feelings | c) to feel sad |
| 4) to mope about | d) to be drunk |
| 5) to be in liquor | e) to run away |
| 6) starved | f) too emotional |

6 Prove that:

- 1) Jane was anxious to get married.
- 2) Andrey came to the church drunk.
- 3) the parson was a hot-tempered man.
- 4) Andrey's brother and brother's wife did not care about Andrey's marrying Jane.
- 5) the parson and the clerk dearly loved the hunt.
- 6) the story with his marriage changed Andrey's life.

7 Imagine that you are:

- *Andrey's brother. Say:*
 - 1) why you were against Andrey's marriage to Jane.
 - 2) why you agreed to come to the wedding.
 - 3) why the wedding was delayed.
 - 4) why you refused to stay for the ceremony.
 - 5) what Andrey and Jane told you about their wedding.
- *the parson. Say:*
 - 1) why you refused to marry Andrey and Jane.
 - 2) why you did not return two hours later as you had promised.
 - 3) what was your reaction when the clerk reminded you of the unmarried couple.
 - 4) whether you felt relief when the ceremony was over.

8 What do you think?

- 1) What was more important to Andrey: the christening of the neighbour's child or his own marriage? Do you think that he realized the consequences of his celebration?
- 2) In what way do you celebrate special occasions (особенные события) in your life? People say that if you don't want to spoil the celebration you should know when to stop. Do you agree? Give your reasons.
- 3) What do you think of the traditional British hunt? Why is it called sport?

Old Andrey's Experience as a Musician

'I was one of the choir-boys at that time, and we and the players were to appear at the manor-house as usual that Christmas week, to play and sing in the hall to the squire's people and visitors. Afterwards we always had a good supper in the servants' hall. Andrey knew this was the custom, and meeting us when we were starting to go, he said to us: "Lord, how I should like to join in that meal of beef, and turkey, and **plum-pudding**! One more or less will make no difference to the squire. I am too old to pass as a singing boy, and too bearded to pass as a singing girl; can ye lend me a fiddle, neighbours, that I may come with ye as a bandsman?"

'Well, we didn't want to upset him, and lent him an old one, though Andrey knew no more of music than the **Giant of Cernel**²; and armed with the instrument he walked up to the squire's house with the others of us at the time appointed, and went in boldly, his fiddle under his arm. He made himself as natural as he could in opening the music-books and moving the candles to the best points for throwing light upon the notes; and all went well till we had played and sung two or three songs. Then the squire's mother, a tall old

lady, who was much interested in church-music, said quite unexpectedly to Andrey: "My man, I see you don't play your instrument with the rest. How is that?"

'Every one of the choir was ready to sink into the earth. We could see that he had fallen into a cold sweat, and how he would get out of it we did not know.

"I've had a misfortune, mem," he says. "Coming along the road I fell down and broke my bow."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that," says she. "Can't it be mended?"

"Oh no, mem," says Andrey. "'Twas broke **all to splinters**³."

"I'll see what I can do for you," says she.

'And then it seemed all over, and we played another song. But no sooner had we got through it than she says to Andrey: "I've sent up into the attic, where we have some old musical instruments, and found a bow for you." And she hands the bow to poor Andrey, who didn't even know which end to hold it. "Now we shall have the full accompaniment," says she.

'Andrey's face looked as if it were made of rotten apple as he stood in the circle of players in front of his book; because if there was one person in the parish that everybody was afraid of, it was this hook-nosed old lady. However, by keeping a little behind the next man he managed to make pretence of beginning, moving his bow without letting it touch the strings, so that it looked **as if he were driving into the tune with heart and soul**⁴. But unfortunately one of the squire's visitors noticed that he was holding the fiddle upside down; and they began to crowd round him, thinking 'twas some new way of performing.

'This revealed everything; the squire's mother had Andrey turned out of the house as an impostor. The squire declared that Andrey should have to leave his cottage in two weeks. However, when we got to the servants' hall there sat Andrey, who had been let in at the back door by the orders of the squire's wife, after being turned out at the front by the orders of the squire, and nothing more was heard about his leaving his cottage. But Andrey never performed in public as a musician after that night.'

'I had quite forgotten the old choir, with their instruments,' said the home-comer. 'Are they still playing as before?'

'No,' said Christopher Twink, the master-thatcher; 'A young teetotaler plays the organ in church now, and plays it very well; though it is not quite such good music as in old times.'

'Why did they make the change, then?'

'Well, partly because of fashion, partly because the old musicians got into a sort of fix. A terrible fix it was too — wasn't it, John? I shall never forget it! They lost their character as officers of the church as complete as if they'd never had any character at all.'

'That was very bad for them.'

'Yes.' The master-thatcher attentively regarded past times as if they lay about a mile off, and went on.

Vocabulary

choir-boys хористы, участники церковного хора

manor-house дом помещика

squire сквайр, помещик

fix неприятная история

misfortune беда, неприятность

bow смычок

attic чердак

impostor самозванец

teetotaler трезвенник

character зд. репутация

Notes

1. **plum-pudding** — рождественский пудинг; сладкое блюдо с изюмом, цукатами и пряностями, которое по английской традиции подается к обеду на Рождество
2. **Giant of Cernel** — Сернский исполин; огромная фигура

человека с дубинкой в руке древнего происхождения, предположительно изображающая Геркулеса; вырезана на меловом холме около деревни Серн-Аббас в графстве Дорсетшир

3. **all to splinters** — на мелкие кусочки
4. **as if he were driving into the tune with heart and soul** — СЛОВНО ОН ВСЮ ДУШУ ВКЛАДЫВАЕТ В ИГРУ

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) When did the story happen?
- 2) What was the custom in the squire's house?
- 3) Who noticed that Andrey was not playing the fiddle?
- 4) Where did the old lady find a bow for Andrey?
- 5) When did the squire's mother turn Andrey out of the manor-house?
- 6) Who permitted Andrey to return to the house?

2 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Andrey asked the musicians to take him to the manor-house because _____.
- 2) Andrey did not try to pass as a choir-boy because _____.
- 3) The musicians gave Andrey an old fiddle because _____.
- 4) Andrey kept behind other musicians because _____.
- 5) The squire's mother sent up into the attic because _____.
- 6) The squire's visitors thought that Andrey was performing in a new way because _____.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) традиция;
- 2) индейка;

- 3) провалиться сквозь землю;
- 4) чинить по приказу сквайра;
- 5) трезвенник.

4 Fill in the gaps with prepositions *as, in, into, by*.

- 1) Andrey was too old to pass _____ a singing boy and decided to go _____ a bandsman.
- 2) In the manor-house Andrey got _____ a terrible fix.
- 3) Andrey was turned out of the house _____ the orders of the squire.
- 4) The squire's wife allowed to let him _____ at the back door.
- 5) Since that incident Andrey never performed _____ public.

5 Prove that:

- 1) Andrey knew nothing about music.
- 2) the performance in the manor-house was followed by a good supper.
- 3) at first Andrey managed to look as a real musician.
- 4) the squire's mother was interested in church-music.
- 5) Andrey was afraid of the squire's mother.

6 Do you agree with the statements? Give your reasons.

- 1) Andrey did not manage to pass as a musician because of bad luck.
- 2) The squire did not like to argue with his wife.
- 3) Andrey finally got what he wanted.

7 What do you think?

- 1) What do you feel about old Andrey? Do you think that he was a resourceful (изобретательный) man?
- 2) Why do you think the squire's wife let Andrey in the

house? Did she feel sorry for him or did she want to challenge (оспорить) her mother-in-law's decision? Why didn't she defend him in the hall?

- 3) Why do you think people pretend? Do they always manage to get what they want?
- 4) What were the conclusions Andrey made after the incident? Do we often keep promises that we make to ourselves? Give you reasons.

Absent-Mindedness in a Parish Choir

'It happened on Sunday after Christmas — the last Sunday ever they played in Longpuddle church gallery, as it turned out, though they didn't know it then. As you may know, sir, the players formed a very good band. There was Nicholas Puddingcome, the leader, with the first fiddle; there was Timothy Thomas, the bass-viol man; John Biles, the **tenor fiddler**¹; Daniel Hornhead, with the **serpent**²; Robert Dowdle, with the clarionet; and Mr Nicks, with the oboe — all sound and powerful musicians. For that reason they were very much in demand during Christmas week for dancing parties; for they could play a jig or a hornpipe **out of hand**³ as well as ever they could play a psalm.

'Well, this Christmas they'd been out to one party after another every night, and had got next to no sleep at all. Then came the Sunday after Christmas, their fatal day. It was so cold that year that they could hardly sit in the gallery. The congregation down in the church had a stove to keep off the frost, but the players in the gallery had nothing at all. So Nicholas said at morning service, **when it was freezing an inch an hour**⁴, "I won't stand this weather no longer: this afternoon we'll have something in our insides to make us warm, **if it cost a king's ransom**⁵."

'So he brought a gallon of hot brandy and beer, ready mixed, to church with him in the afternoon, and by keeping the jar well wrapped up in Timothy Thomas's bass-viol bag it kept drinkably warm till they wanted it. When they'd had the last pull they felt quite comfortable and warm, and as the sermon went on — most unfortunately for them it was a long one that afternoon — they fell asleep, **every man jack of them**⁶.

'It was a very dark afternoon, and by the end of the sermon all you could see of the inside of the church were the parson's two candles alongside of him in the pulpit. The sermon had ended at last, but the choir did not play the necessary tune, and the people began to turn their heads to learn the reason why, and then Levi Limpet, a boy who sat in the gallery, nudged Timothy and Nicholas, and said, "Begin! Begin!"

"Hey? What?" says Nicholas, confused. The church was very dark and he thought that he was at the party they had played at all the night before, and he started to play a cheerful jig. The rest of the band, being in the same state of mind and nothing doubting, followed their leader with all their strength, according to custom. Then Nicholas, seeing nobody moved, shouted out (in his usual commanding way at dances when the dancers didn't know the figures), "Top couples cross hands! And when I give a sign, every man kiss his partner under the mistletoe!"

'The boy Levi was so frightened that he bolted down the gallery stairs and then home like lightning. The parson's hair stood on end when he heard the evil tune raging through the church. He thought that the choir had gone crazy and held up his hand and said: "Stop, stop, stop! What's this?" But they didn't hear him for the noise of their own playing, and the more he called the louder they played.

'Then the people came out of their pews, saying: "What do they mean by this! We shall be punished!"

'And the squire came out of his pew, where lots of lords and ladies visiting at the house were sitting with him, and went and stood in front of the gallery, and shook his fist in the musicians' faces, saying, "What! In this church! What!"

‘And at last they heard him through their playing, and stopped.

“‘Never such an insulting, disgraceful thing — never!’ says the squire, who couldn’t rule his passion.

“‘Never!’ says the parson, who had come down and stood beside him.

“‘Not if the Angels of Heaven come down,” says the squire “shall one of you ever play a note in this church again. It is the insult to me, and my family, and my visitors, and God that you’ve done this afternoon!”

‘Then the unfortunate church band came to their senses, and remembered where they were; and it was a sight to see Nicholas Puddingcome and Timothy Thomas and John Biles creep down the gallery stairs with their fiddles under their arms, and poor Daniel Hornhead with his serpent, and Robert Dowdle with his clarionet; and out they went. The parson might have forgiven them when he learned the truth of it, but the squire refused. That very week he sent for a barrel-organ that could play twenty-two new psalm-tunes. He found a really respectable man to play the instrument though you could play nothing but psalm-tunes. And the old players played no more.’

‘And, of course, my old acquaintance, Mrs Winter, who always seemed to have something on her mind, is dead and gone?’ said the home-comer, after a long silence.

‘Yes, she’s been dead at least twenty-five years,’ said the aged groceress. ‘I remember Mrs Winter very well. You knew what it was upon her mind, sir, that gave her that sad look, I suppose?’

‘It had something to do with her son, I think I once was told. But I was too young to know particulars.’

The groceress sighed.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘it had all to do with her son.’ Finding that the van was still in a listening mood, she spoke on.

Vocabulary

bass-viol виолончель

jig жига (старинный английский весёлый танец)

hornpipe хорнпайп (английский матросский танец)

next to почти

pull зд. глоток

sermon проповедь

nudge слегка подталкивать локтем

pew церковная скамья с высокой спинкой

barrel-organ шарманка

Notes

1. **tenor fiddler** — вторая скрипка
2. **serpent** — серпент; старинный духовой музыкальный инструмент изогнутой змеевидной формы
3. **out of hand** — экспромтом
4. **when it was freezing an inch an hour** — когда мороз был особенно сильным
5. **if it cost a king’s ransom** — чего бы нам это ни стоило
6. **every man jack of them** — все до единого
7. **every man kiss his partner under the mistletoe** — пусть каждый поцелует свою пару под омелой (По английскому народному обычаю, мужчина имеет право поцеловать девушку, если они вдвоем окажутся под веткой омелы, которую на Рождество вешают где-нибудь в комнате.)

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Who are the main characters of this story?
- 2) What instruments did the musicians play?

- 3) What was the weather like that Sunday morning?
- 4) What did Nicholas decide to do in the afternoon?
- 5) How did they keep the drink warm?
- 6) What kind of tune did the band play?
- 7) What was the reaction of the parson and the squire?

2 Complete the sentences.

- 1) The musicians were much in demand during Christmas week for dancing parties because _____.
- 2) The congregation did not suffer from the frost because _____.
- 3) Nicholas brought brandy and beer to the church because _____.
- 4) The musicians fell asleep during the service because _____.
- 5) Nicholas began to play the jig because _____.
- 6) The boy Levi ran home frightened because _____.
- 7) The squire bought a barrel-organ for the church because _____.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) экспромтом;
- 2) печка;
- 3) у пастора волосы встали дыбом;
- 4) оскорбление;
- 5) знать подробности.

4 Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

passion	demand	figure	lightning
senses	ransom	frost	hand

- 1) The band came to their _____ when they heard the squire.

- 2) The players had no other way to keep off the _____ as to warm themselves from inside.
- 3) The musicians could play any tune out of _____.
- 4) The boy was frightened by merry music and ran home like _____.
- 5) An experienced band was always in _____ for dancing parties.
- 6) The frozen men wanted to have a warm drink even if it cost them a king's _____.
- 7) The leader of the band reminded the dancing pairs necessary _____.
- 8) The squire was too angry to rule his _____.

5 Say in a different way.

- 1) a king's ransom
- 2) it was freezing an inch an hour
- 3) out of hand
- 4) congregation
- 5) every man jack of them

6 Prove that:

- 1) the musicians were very much in demand for dancing parties.
- 2) Sunday after Christmas was a fatal day for the band.
- 3) the squire felt deeply insulted by this incident.

7 Imagine that you are:

- *the leader of the band. Say:*
 - 1) what instrument you play.
 - 2) how you managed to play at the parties and in the church.
 - 3) why you brought brandy and beer to church on fatal Sunday.

- 4) why you fell asleep.
- 5) why you thought that it was the party.
- 6) when you realized that you had made a terrible mistake.
- 7) what you felt when you were forbidden to play in the church.
- 8) what you do for your living now.

• *the parson. Say:*

- 1) why you invited this band to play in your church.
- 2) why it was cold in the church.
- 3) how you kept the congregation off the frost.
- 4) why you did not care about the musicians.
- 5) what you felt when you heard a merry jig in the church.
- 6) how you tried to stop the music.
- 7) what you did when you learned the reason of this incident.
- 8) what you think of the barrel-organ.

8 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think the musicians played both in church and at the dancing parties? Was it easy to combine two things?
- 2) The players got into trouble because they kept themselves warm with liquor. What other ways to keep warm can you name?
- 3) Why do you think the squire did not forgive the band? Give your reasons.

The Winters and the Palmleys

‘There were two women in the parish when I was a child, who were rivals in good looks. In consequence of this they were **at daggers-drawn**¹, and they did not love each other any better when

one of them won the other’s lover away from her and married him. He was a young man of the name of Winter, and soon they had a son.

‘The other woman did not marry for many years: but when she was about thirty a quiet man named Palmley asked her to be his wife, and she accepted him. She had a son also, who was, of course, nine or ten years younger than the son of the first. The child proved to be of rather weak intellect, though **his mother loved him as the apple of her eye**².

‘This woman’s husband died when the child was eight years old, and left his widow and boy in poverty. Her former rival, also a widow now, but fairly well provided for, offered for pity’s sake to take the child as errand-boy, small as he was. Her own son, Jack was seventeen then. Her poor neighbour had to let the child go there. And little Palmley went to the richer woman’s house.

‘Well, in some way or other — how, it was never exactly known — the thriving woman, Mrs Winter, sent the little boy with a message to the next village one December day, much against his will. It was getting dark, and the child prayed to be allowed not to go, because he would be afraid coming home. But the mistress insisted, more out of thoughtlessness than cruelty, and the child went. On his way back he had to pass through Yalbury Wood, and something came out from behind a tree and frightened him to death. The child was quite ruined by it; he became an idiot, and soon died.

‘Then the other woman had nothing left to live for, and vowed vengeance against that rival who had first won away her lover, and now had been the cause of her loss. Mrs Winter certainly didn’t do it on purpose, but when it happened, she was not upset. Whatever vengeance poor Mrs Palmley felt, she had no opportunity of carrying it out. She lead a lonely life, and then a year after the death of the child, Mrs Palmley’s niece, who had been born in the city of Exonbury, came to live with her.

‘This young woman — Miss Harriet Palmley — was a proud and handsome girl, very well brought up, and more stylish and

genteel than the people of our village. She regarded herself as much above Mrs Winter and her son in position as Mrs Winter and her son considered themselves above poor Mrs Palmley. But love is an unceremonious thing, and what in the world should happen but that young Jack Winter must fall wildly in love with Harriet Palmley almost as soon as he saw her.

'She was better educated than he and did not encourage him. But Longpuddle was a small world, and the two could not help seeing a good deal of each other while she was staying there. She was a disdainful young woman, but she did seem to take a little pleasure in his attentions.

'One day when they were picking apples together, he asked her to marry him. She had not expected anything so practical as that so early, and did not absolutely refuse him, and accepted some little presents that he made her.

'But he saw that in her eyes he was a simple village lad, and he felt that he must do something bold to win her. So he said one day, "I am going away, to try to get into a better position than I can get here." In two or three weeks he wished her goodbye, and went away to Monksbury, to work at a farm, with a view to start as a farmer himself; and from there he wrote regularly to her, as if their marriage were an understood thing.

'Harriet liked the young man's presents and the admiration of his eyes; but on paper he was less attractive to her. Jack Winter's performances in the shape of love-letters jarred her city nerves and her finer taste, and when she answered one of them, she very strictly asked him to practise with a pen and spelling-book if he wished to please her. Whether he listened to her request or not nobody knows, but his letters did not improve. He tried to tell her in his clumsy way that if her heart were more warm towards him she would not be so strict about his handwriting and spelling; which indeed was true enough.

'Well, in Jack's absence the weak flame of interest to him in Harriet's heart soon sank low, and at last went out altogether. He wrote and wrote, and begged and prayed her to give a reason for

her coldness; and then she told him plainly that she was town born, and he was not educated enough to please her.

'Jack Winter's want of good education did not make him less thin-skinned than others; in fact, he was terribly touchy about anything. Jack replied to her with an angry note, and then she hit back, telling him how many words he had misspelt in his last letter, and declaring again that this alone was enough for any woman **to throw him over**³. Her husband must be an educated man.

'He bore her rejection of him in silence, but his suffering was sharp. She communicated with Jack no more; and as his reason for going out into the world had been only to provide a good home for her, he had no further object in planning such a home now that she was lost to him. So he gave up the farming occupation by which he had hoped to make himself a good farmer, and returned to his mother.

'As soon as he got back to Longpuddle he found that Harriet had already had another lover. He was a young road-contractor, and Jack admitted that his rival was educated and had good manners. Indeed he was a more sensible match for the beauty than Jack with his poor education and uncertain future. The fact was so clear to him that he could hardly blame her.

'One day by accident Jack saw on a piece of paper the handwriting of Harriet's new lover. It was the work of a man accustomed to the ink-bottle and the dictionary. And then it came all of a sudden into Jack's mind what a contrast the letters of this young man must make to his own miserable old letters, and how ridiculous they must make his lines appear. He wished he had never written to her, and wondered if she had ever kept his poor performances. Possibly she had kept them, because women often do that, he thought, and while they were in her hands there was always a chance that Harriet or her new lover or somebody else could joke over his honest, stupid love letters.

'The nervous, touchy young man could not bear the thought of it, and decided to ask her to return them. He wrote a short note in which he made his request, and having finished it he sent it to

her house. His messenger came back with the answer, by word of mouth, that Miss Palmley refused to part with what was hers.

‘Jack was insulted, and determined to go for his letters himself. He chose a time when he knew she was at home. It was the first time they had met since she had thrown him over. He asked for his letters with a bitter look at her.

‘At first she said he might have them, and took them out of the bureau where she kept them. Then she looked at one of the pages, and suddenly changed her mind. She told him shortly that his request was a silly one, and slipped the letters into her aunt’s work-box, which stood open on the table. Then she locked it and said with a laugh that of course she thought it best to keep them, since they might be useful to produce as evidence that she had good reason for refusing to marry him.

‘He said angrily. “Give me those letters!” he said. “They are mine!”

“No, they are not,” she replied; “they are mine.”

“I want them back,” says he. “I don’t want to be made a laughing-stock. You’ve another young man now! You’ll be showing them to him!”

“Perhaps,” said my lady Harriet, with calm coolness, like the heartless woman that she was.

‘Her manner so maddened him that he made a step towards the work-box, but she snatched it up, locked it in the bureau, and turned upon him triumphant. For a moment he seemed to be going to wrench the key of the bureau out of her hand; but he stopped himself, and turned round and went away.

‘He was suffering from the sense of being beaten by her. He imagined how she would tell her new lover or her acquaintances of this scene with himself, and laugh with them over those poor, crooked lines of his that he had been so anxious to obtain. Finally he decided to have the letters back at any price.

‘Late at night he came out of his mother’s house by the back door, and creeping through the garden hedge went along the field till he reached the back of her aunt’s house. The moon was full

and bright. Jack knew the arrangement and position of everything in Mrs Palmley’s house as well as in his own mother’s. Well, he took out his pocket-knife, and without noise **lifted the leading of one of the panes**⁴, took out the glass, and putting his hand through the hole he opened the window and climbed in the room. Everyone in the house was asleep. Jack went straight to the bureau, so he said, hoping that it would be unlocked. But it wasn’t. He thought of Harriet asleep upstairs, caring nothing for him, and of the way she had made fun of him and his letters. Having advanced so far, he was not going to return home without the letters. With the help of his knife Jack burst the weak lock of the bureau; within was the rosewood work-box just as she had placed it in her hurry to keep it from him. As he had no time to get the letters out of it then, he took it under his arm, shut the bureau, and left the house, refixing the pane of glass in its place.

‘Winter returned to his mother’s house, and as he was dog-tired, he crept upstairs to bed, hiding the box till he could destroy its contents. The next morning he carried it to the lincay at the back of his mother’s house. Here he opened the box, and began burning one by one the letters that had cost him so much labour to write and shame to think of. He wanted to return the box to Harriet, after repairing the slight damage he had caused it by opening it without a key, with a note — the last she would ever receive from him — telling her triumphantly that he was not the one **to submit to her whims**⁵.

‘But when he removed the last letter from the box he received a shock; under the letters, at the very bottom, lay money — several golden coins — “It is Harriet’s pocket-money,” he said to himself; though it was not, but Mrs Palmley’s. At this moment he heard footsteps close to the lincay. In haste he pushed the box and what was in it under some firewood which lay in the lincay; but Jack had been already seen. Two constables entered the lincay, and seized him with the work-box.

‘Jack was accused of night burglary — though he had never thought of it — and burglary was a **capital offence**⁶ in those days.

His figure had been seen by someone in the moonlight as he came away from Mrs Palmley's back window. The box and money were found in his possession, the lock of the bureau was broken and the window-pane opened. Jack protested that he had gone only for his letters. Harriet was the only one who could support his words, but she acted entirely **under the sway of her aunt**⁷. That aunt was deadly against Jack Winter. Mrs. Palmley's time had come. Here was her revenge upon the woman who had first won away her lover, and next ruined her little son.

'Harriet did not appear in court at all, and Mrs Palmley supported the theory of the burglary. Possibly Harriet would have come for pity's sake; but Jack was too proud to ask a favour of a girl who had made fun of his feelings; and he let her alone. The trial was a short one, and Jack was sentenced to death.

'Young Jack was executed on a cold Saturday in March. The government allowed his poor mother to take the body of her son home. All the parish waited at their cottage doors in the evening for its arrival: I remember how, as a very little girl, I stood by my mother's side. The next day, Sunday, between the services, we buried him. For the funeral service the parson chose the text "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow" ... Yes, they were cruel times!

'As for Harriet, she and her lover were soon married; but her life was not happy. She and her husband found that they could not live comfortably at Longpuddle, by reason of her connection with Jack's misfortunes, and they moved to a distant town, and were no more heard of by us; Mrs Palmley, too, joined them. The dark-eyed, sad old Mrs Winter, remembered by the emigrant gentleman here, was, of course, the Mrs Winter of this story; and I remember how lonely she was, how afraid the children were of her, and how she kept herself as a stranger among us, though she lived so long.'

'Longpuddle has had her sad experiences as well as her sunny ones,' said Mr Lackland.

'Yes, yes. But I am thankful to say not many like that, though good and bad have lived among us.'

'There was Georgy Crookhill — he was **one of the shady sort**⁸,' observed the registrar, with the manner of a man who would like to have his say also.

'I used to hear what he was as a boy at school.'

'Well, as he began so he went on. **It never got so far as a hanging matter with him, to be sure; but he had some narrow escapes of penal servitude; and once it was a case of the biter bit.**⁹

Vocabulary

vengeance месть

to vow vengeance поклясться отомстить

encourage поощрять

disdainful высокомерный

attentions ухаживание

jar раздражать

touchy обидчивый, раздражительный

road-contractor дорожный подрядчик

laughing-stock посмешище

wrench выхватывать, вырывать

linhay сарай

burglary кража со взломом

revenge месть

Notes

1. **at daggers-drawn** — на ножах

2. **his mother loved him as the apple of her eye** — его мать души в нем не чаяла

3. **to throw him over** — бросить его

4. **lifted the leading of one of the panes** — отковырнул свинцовый переплет одной из рам

5. **to submit to her whims** — подчиняться ее капризам
6. **capital offence** — преступление, наказуемое смертной казнью
7. **under the sway of her aunt** — по указке своей тетки
8. **one of the shady sort** — темная личность
9. **It never got so far as a hanging matter with him, to be sure; but he had some narrow escapes of penal servitude; and once it was a case of the biter bit.** — Правда, виселица ему ни разу не грозила, но от каторги он бывал на волосок, а однажды сам угодил в яму, которую рыл другому.

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What were the relations between Mrs Winter and Mrs Palmley?
- 2) How did Mrs Winter take the death of Mrs Palmley's son?
- 3) Who was Harriet?
- 4) In what way did Jack try to win Harriet's heart?
- 5) Why did Harriet throw him over?
- 6) When did Jack ask Harriet to return his letters?
- 7) What did Jack do when Harriet refused to give him his letters back?
- 8) What was Jack accused of?

2 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Mrs Winter and Mrs Palmley were at daggers-drawn because _____.
- 2) Mrs Palmley's son died because _____.
- 3) Jack went to work at a farm because _____.
- 4) Jack gave up the farming because _____.
- 5) Jack asked Harriet to return his letters because _____.
- 6) Harriet and her husband moved to another town because _____.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1) соперница; | 4) почерк; |
| 2) из жалости; | 5) кривые строчки; |
| 3) решенное дело; | 6) месть (2 варианта). |

4 Fill in the gaps with the verbs from the box in the right form.

to submit	to insult	to jar	to wrench
to accept	to obtain	over	to win away
to throw			

- 1) Mrs Winter _____ the lover of Mrs Palmley.
- 2) Jack proposed marriage to Harriet, but she did not _____ his proposal.
- 3) Jack's bad spelling _____ Harriet's fine taste.
- 4) Harriet _____ Jack _____ because he was not educated enough to be her husband.
- 5) Harriet _____ Jack when she refused to give him his letters back.
- 6) Jack felt so angry that he seemed to be going to _____ the key out of Harriet's hand.
- 7) Jack decided to _____ his letters at any cost.
- 8) Jack was not going to _____ to Harriet's whims.

5 Choose the appropriate attributes from the box and give character sketches of:

Mrs Palmley Jack Winter Harriet Palmley

poor nice friendly proud respectful charming rich heartless disdainful lonely cruel miserable weak nervous educated selfish stylish revengeful touchy lonely thin-skinned

6 **Prove that:**

- 1) Jack was wildly in love with Harriet.
- 2) Harriet regarded herself above Mrs Winter and her son.
- 3) Jack was touchy about everything.
- 4) the villagers did not forgive Mrs Palmley and Harriet their connection with Jack's misfortunes.

7 **Say why:**

- 1) Mrs Palmley vowed vengeance against her rival.
- 2) Harriet accepted Jack's attentions and presents.
- 3) Jack's spelling did not improve.
- 4) Harriet kept Jack's letters.
- 5) Jack stole the letters.
- 6) Mrs Palmley supported the theory of burglary.
- 7) Harriet did not come to court to defend Jack.

8 **What do you think?**

- 1) What kind of girl was Harriet? Did she feel remorse (раскаяние) at what she had done to Jack? Give your reasons.
- 2) Was Harriet a match for Jack? Can people of different background and education have a happy marriage? Do you know such examples?
- 3) What do you think of Mrs Palmley's actions? Did she realize that she was punishing an innocent person? Do you think that her revenge made her happy?



Incident in the Life of Mr George Crookhill

'One day,' the registrar continued, 'Georgy was returning from the fair in Melchester on a miserable jade, when he saw in front of him a fine-looking young farmer riding out of the town in the same direction. He was sitting on a good strong handsome animal. When they were going up Bissett Hill, Georgy made it his business to overtake the young farmer. **They passed the time of day to one another.**'¹ Georgy spoke of the state of the roads, and jogged alongside the stranger in a very friendly conversation. The farmer had not been eager to say much to Georgy at first, but by degrees he grew quite affable too — as friendly as Georgy was toward him. He told Crookhill that he had been doing business at Melchester fair, and was going on as far as Shottsford-Forum that night, so as to reach Casterbridge market the next day. When they came to Woodyates

Inn they stopped to feed their horses, and agreed to drink together; with this they got more friendly than ever, and on they went again. Before they had nearly reached Shottsford it began to rain, and as they were now passing through the village of Trantridge, and it was quite dark, Georgy persuaded the young farmer to go no further that night, because in the rainy weather they could **catch a chill**². He said he had heard that the little inn here was comfortable, and he meant to stay. At last the young farmer agreed to stay there also; and they stopped at the inn, and had a good supper together, and talked over their affairs like men who had known each other for a long time. When it was the hour to go to bed they went upstairs to a double-bedded room which Georgy Crookhill had asked the landlord to let them share, **so sociable were they**³.

'Before they fell asleep they talked across the room about one thing and another, running from this to that till the conversation turned upon disguises, and changing clothes for particular purposes. The farmer told Georgy that he had often heard tales of people doing it; but Crookhill pretended to be very ignorant of all such tricks; and soon the young farmer fell asleep.

'Early in the morning, while the tall young farmer was still asleep, Georgy crept out of his bed **by stealth**⁴, and dressed himself in the farmer's clothes. In the pockets of his clothes he found the farmer's money. Georgy particularly wanted the farmer's nice clothes and nice horse, because he had had a little transaction at the fair which made it desirable that he should not be too easily recognized. But his desires had their limits: he did not wish to take his young friend's money, at any rate more of it than was necessary for paying his bill. This he took, and leaving the farmer's purse containing the rest on the bedroom table, went downstairs. The inn people had not particularly noticed the faces of their customers, and the one or two who were up at this hour thought that Georgy was the farmer; so when he had paid the bill, the farmer's horse was saddled for him; and he rode away upon it as if it were his own.

'About half an hour later the young farmer awoke. He looked across the room and saw that his friend Georgy had gone away in

clothes which didn't belong to him, and had kindly left for himself his old ones. The farmer sat up in a deep thought for some time, in no hurry to give an alarm. "The money, the money is gone," he said to himself, "and that's bad. But so are the clothes."

'He then looked upon the table and saw that the money, or most of it, had been left behind.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he cried, and began to dance about the room. "Ha, ha, ha!" he said again, and made beautiful smiles to himself in the mirror and in the brass candlestick.

'When he had dressed himself in Georgy's clothes and gone downstairs, he did not seem to mind at all that they took him for the other; and even when he saw that he had been left a bad horse for a good one, he did not cry out. They told him his friend had paid the bill, at which he seemed much pleased, and without waiting for breakfast he mounted Georgy's horse and rode away, choosing the nearest by-lane in preference to the main road, without knowing that Georgy had chosen that by-lane too.

'He had not covered more than two miles **in the personal character**⁵ of Georgy Crookhill when, suddenly, he came upon a man struggling in the hands of two village constables. It was his friend Georgy, the borrower of his clothes and horse.

"Help, help, help!" cried the constables. "Assistance in the name of the Crown!"

'The young farmer could do nothing but ride forward. "What's the matter?" he asked, as coolly as he could.

"A deserter — a deserter!" said they. "**One who's to be tried by court-martial and shot**."⁶ He deserted from the Dragoons at Cheltenham some days ago. The search-party can't find him anywhere, and we told them if we met him we'd hand him on to them. The day after he left the barracks he met a respectable farmer and made him drunk at an inn, and told him what a fine soldier he would make, and persuaded him to change clothes, to see how well he would look in a military uniform. This the simple farmer did; when our deserter said that for a joke he would leave the room and go to the landlady, to see if she would know him in that dress.

He never came back, and Farmer Jollice found himself in soldier's clothes, with no money, and, when he got to the stable, his horse was gone too."

"A scoundrel!" says the young man in Georgy's clothes. "Is it him? (pointing to Georgy)."

"No, no!" cries Georgy, **as innocent as a babe of this matter of the soldier's desertion**⁷. "He's the man! He was wearing Farmer Jollice's suit o' clothes, and he slept in the same room wi' me, and brought up the subject of changing clothes, which put it into my head to dress myself in his suit before he was awake. He's got on mine!"

"Do you hear him?" says the tall young man to the constables. "Trying to get out of his crime by charging with it the first innocent man that he sees! No, soldier — that won't do!"

"No, no! That won't do!" the constables agreed. "But, thank God, we've got the handcuffs on him at last."

"Well, I must move on," said the tall young man. "Good luck to ye with your prisoner!" And off he went, as fast as his poor jade would carry him.

The constables then, with Georgy handcuffed between them, and leading the horse, marched off in the other direction, toward the village where they met the soldiers sent to bring the deserter back.

"We've got your man," says the constable.

"Where?" says the corporal.

"Here, between us," said the constable. "Only you don't recognize him out of his uniform."

The corporal looked at Georgy attentively; then shook his head and said he was not the deserter.

"But the deserter changed clothes with Farmer Jollice, and took his horse; and this man has them, do you see!"

"It is not our man," said the soldiers. "He's a tall young fellow with a mole on his right cheek, and a military bearing, which this man does not have."

"I told the two officers of justice that 'twas the other!" cried Georgy. "But they didn't believe me."

'And so it became clear that the missing dragoon was the tall young farmer, and not Georgy Crookhill — a fact which Farmer Jollice himself confirmed when he arrived on the scene. As Georgy had only robbed the robber, his punishment was comparatively light. The deserter from the Dragoons was never found, though he left Georgy's horse behind him a few miles ahead, because the poor animal was more an obstacle than a help.'

The man from abroad seemed to be less interested in the characters with bad reputation and their strange adventures than in the ordinary people and the ordinary events. He now for the first time asked about young persons of the opposite sex — or rather those who had been young when he left his native land. They asked him if he remembered Netty Sargent.

'Netty Sargent — I do remember her. She was a young woman living with her uncle when I left, if I am right.'

'That's her. **She was a one-er, if you like, sir. Not any harm in her, you know, but up to everything.**⁸ You ought to hear how she got the **copyhold**⁹ of her house extended. Oughtn't he, Mr Day?'

'He ought,' replied the world-ignored old painter.

'Tell him, Mr Day. Nobody can do it better than you, and you know the legal part better than some of us.'

Day apologized, and began.

Vocabulary

jade кляча

overtake догнать, обогнать

affable приветливый

disguises переодевания

tricks проделки

transaction дело, сделка

mount забираться

to mount a horse садиться верхом (на лошадь)

by-lane проселочная дорога

come upon случайно натолкнуться на кого-л., что-л.

scoundrel мерзавец, негодяй

charge (with) обвинять (в)

handcuffs наручники

mole родинка

Notes

1. **They passed the time of day to one another.** — Они поздоровались друг с другом.
2. **catch a chill** — простудиться
3. **so sociable were they** — вот до чего они к этому времени уже подружились
4. **by stealth** — украдкой
5. **in the personal character** — в обличии
6. **One who's to be tried by court-martial and shot.** — Его будут судить и расстреляют.
7. **as innocent as a babe of this matter of the soldier's desertion** — причастный к этой истории дезертирства не больше, чем новорожденный младенец
8. **She was a one-er, if you like, sir. Not any harm in her, you know, but up to everything.** — Ну, это, я вам скажу, сэр, была девица! Не то чтобы с ней было что-то не так, просто никогда нельзя было угадать, что она придумает.
9. **copyhold** — копигольд; вид аренды земли в средневековой Англии

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) What sort of a horse did Georgy have?
- 2) Where was the farmer going?
- 3) Where did they stay for the night?

- 4) What did Georgy steal from the farmer?
- 5) What was the reaction of the farmer when he saw that Georgy had taken the clothes and had left the money?
- 6) Under what circumstances did the farmer meet Georgy again?
- 7) Whom did the constables believe?
- 8) What was the end of the story?

2 Complete the sentences:

- 1) Georgy and the farmer shared a room in the inn because _____.
- 2) The people at the inn did not notice the disguise of Georgy and the farmer because _____.
- 3) Georgy did not take the farmer's money because _____.
- 4) The farmer did not give the alarm _____.
- 5) Georgy and the false farmer needed to change clothes because _____.
- 6) Georgy's sentence was comparatively light because _____.
- 7) The deserter managed to escape because _____.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) комната (номер) на двоих;
- 2) не спешить поднимать тревогу;
- 3) садиться верхом;
- 4) Именем короля!;
- 5) шутки ради;
- 6) военная выправка.

4 Fill in the gaps with the words and word combinations from the box.

trick by stealth mole in the personal character jade disguise

- 1) Georgy changed his _____ for the strong horse of the young farmer.
- 2) Georgy left the room _____.
- 3) The false farmer was pleased with the _____ of Georgy.
- 4) The two fellow-travelers touched the subject of _____.
- 5) The deserter was a young man with a _____ on his right cheek.
- 6) The deserter managed to escape _____ of Georgy.

5 **Say why:**

- 1) Georgy offered the young farmer to stay in a little inn.
- 2) the young farmer started conversation about disguises.
- 3) the deserter was pleased to find his clothes gone and the money left.
- 4) Georgy and the false farmer chose the by-lane, and not the main road.
- 5) the constables did not believe Georgy's words.

6 **Agree or disagree.**

- 1) Georgy said to the constables that the idea of changing clothes had been put into his head by the farmer.
- 2) The deserter proved to be Georgy's match (достойный соперник).
- 3) Georgy was lucky to get a light sentence.

7 **Imagine that you are:**

- *George Crookhill. Say:*
 - 1) what you do for a living.
 - 2) what kind of transaction you did at the fair.
 - 3) where you met the young farmer.
 - 4) what the young farmer looked like.
 - 5) what you decided to do.
 - 6) why your plan failed.

- 7) whether your life has changed since this incident.

- *farmer Jollice. Say:*

- 1) where and when you met the deserter.
- 2) how the deserter was dressed.
- 3) what attracted you in the deserter.
- 4) why you got drunk.
- 5) what you felt when you realized that the deserter had stolen your things.
- 6) whether you saw the scoundrel again.

Netty Sargent's Copyhold

'She continued to live with her uncle, in the lonely house by the forest, just as at the time you knew her; a tall active young woman. Ah, how well I remember her black hair and dancing eyes at that time! Well, she was hardly out of short dresses before the chaps were after her. Soon she was courted by a young man — Jasper Cliff was his name — and, though there were better fellows around her, she chose him. It was Jasper or nobody for her. **But he was a selfish customer**¹, always thinking less of what he was going to do than of what he was going to get by his doings. Jasper's eyes were fixed upon Netty, but his mind was upon her uncle's house; though he was fond of her in his way — I admit that.

'This house, built by her great-great-grandfather, with its garden and little field, was copyhold — **granted upon lives**². Her uncle's was the last life upon the property; so that at his death, **if new lives were not admitted and copyhold was not extended**³, it would all fall into the hands of the squire. But it was easy to do so — it was enough to pay a small "fine", as it was called, of a few pounds.

'Netty's uncle needed to renew the copyhold long before, because the Squire was very anxious to get hold of the house and

land; and every Sunday when the old man came into the church and passed the Squire's pew, the Squire would say, "A little weaker in his knees — and the copyhold not extended: ha! ha! I shall be able to make this land completely clear some day!"

"It was extraordinary, now we look back upon it, that old Sargent put off the visit to the Squire's agent's office with the fine week after week, saying to himself, "I shall have more time next market-day than I have now." One unfortunate fact was that he didn't very much like Jasper Cliff; and as Jasper kept urging Netty, and Netty on that account kept urging her uncle, the old man tried to postpone the renewal as long as he could, **to spite the selfish young lover**⁴. At last old Mr Sargent fell ill, and then Jasper could bear it no longer: he produced the fine-money himself, and handed it to Netty, and spoke to her.

"There's the money. If you lose the house and ground, I won't marry you! Those who can do such things don't deserve a husband."

The worried girl took the money and went home, and told her uncle that it was no house no husband for her. Old Mr Sargent ignored the money, but he did not wish to make her unhappy, since she was so determined to marry Jasper. So Mr Sargent made a move at last. The documents were prepared. But as old Sargent was now too weak to go to the agent's house, the agent agreed to bring the documents to the old man's house for him to sign, and in return get the fine-money.

The agent had promised to come to Mr Sargent's house for this purpose at five o'clock, and Netty put the money into her desk to have it close at hand. While doing this she heard a weak cry from her uncle, and turning round, saw that he had fallen forward in his chair. She went and lifted him. She saw that help would be useless. He was dead.

Netty was terrified. The house, garden, and field were lost and with them a home for herself and her lover. She did not think that Jasper would carry out his threat made in a moment of impatience; but she trembled, nevertheless. Why could not her uncle have lived a couple of hours longer, since he had lived so long?

Then an idea came into the head of Netty how to achieve her purpose in spite of her uncle's negligence. It was a dull December afternoon. The first step in her scheme was to lock the outer door. Then she put her uncle's small, heavy oak table before the fire. Then she went to her uncle's body, sitting in the chair as he had died, and wheeled the chair, uncle and all, to the table, placing him with his back toward the window, as if he was bending over the oak table. On the table she laid the large family Bible open before him, and placed his forefinger on the page. Then she put on him his spectacles, so that from behind he appeared for all the world that he were reading the Bible. Then she unlocked the door and sat down. When it grew dark she lit a candle, and put it on the table beside her uncle's book.

When the agent knocked at the door, she nearly jumped. Then she quickly went to the door.

"I am sorry, sir," she says, quietly; "my uncle is not so well tonight, and I'm afraid he can't see you."

"H'm! — that's a pretty tale," says the agent. "So I've come all this way about this little job **for nothing**⁵!"

"O no, sir — I hope not," says Netty. "I suppose the business of granting the new document can be done just the same?"

"Done? Certainly not. He must pay the renewal money, and sign the paper in my presence."

She hesitated. "Uncle is so nervous about law business," says she, "that, as you know, he's put it off and put it off for years; and now today really I thought it would drive him out of his mind. He always was afraid of agents, and people who come for rent."

"Poor old fellow — I'm sorry for him. Well, the thing can't be done unless I see him and witness his signature."

"Suppose, sir, that you see him sign, and he doesn't see you looking at him? I can tell him that you weren't strict about the form of witnessing, and didn't wish to come in. So if you see him sign the paper it would be sufficient, would it not?"

"If I see him sign, of course — that's all I come for. But how can I be a witness without his seeing me?"

“Why, in this way, sir.” She conducted him a few yards to the left, till they were opposite the window. The agent could see, at the other end of the room, the back and side of the old man’s head, and his shoulders and arm, sitting with the book and candle before him, and his spectacles on his nose, as she had placed him.

“He’s reading his Bible, as you see, sir,” she says.

“Yes. I thought he was a **careless sort of man in matters of religion**⁶.”

“He was always fond of his Bible,” Netty assured him. “Though I think he’s nodding over it just at this moment. However, that’s natural in an old man. Now you could stand here and see him sign, couldn’t you, sir, as he’s such an invalid?”

“Very well,” said the agent, lighting a cigar. “You have ready the sum you’ll have to pay for the admittance, of course?”

“Yes,” said Netty. “I’ll bring it out.” She brought the cash and handed it to him. The agent counted it and took from his breast pocket the precious documents and gave one to her to be signed.

“Uncle’s hand is a little paralyzed,” she said. “And as he’s half asleep, too, I really don’t know what sort of a signature he’ll be able to make.”

“Doesn’t matter, so that he signs.”

“Might I hold his hand?”

“Ay, hold his hand, my young woman — that will be near enough.”

Netty re-entered the house, and the agent continued smoking outside the window. Now came the ticklish part of Netty’s performance. The agent saw her put the inkstand before her uncle, and touch his elbow, and speak to him, and put the document on the table. Then she pointed to show him where to sign and put the pen into his hand. To hold his hand she artfully stepped behind him, so that the agent could only see a little bit of his head, and the hand she held; but he saw the old man’s hand trace his name on the document. As soon as it was done she came out to the agent with the document in her hand. The agent signed as witness by the light from the window. Then he gave her the copy signed by the

Squire, and left. Next morning Netty told the neighbours that her uncle had died in his bed.’

‘She must have undressed him and put him there.’

‘She must. Oh, **that girl had a nerve**⁷, I can tell ye! Well, to cut a long story short, that’s how she got back the house and field that were, strictly speaking, gone from her; and by getting them, got her a husband.

‘Two years after they were married he started to beat her — not hard, you know; just a smack or two, but enough **to set her in a temper**⁸, and tell the neighbours what she had done to win him, and how she repented of it. When the old Squire was dead, his son inherited the property. He heard of this story, but Netty was a pretty young woman, and the Squire’s son was a pretty young man at that time, and wider-minded than his father; and he never took any actions against her.’

There was now a pause in the conversation. Soon the van arrived at the village. When the houses were reached the passengers dropped off one by one, each at his or her own door. The emigrant arrived at the inn, ate a light supper and went to see the places he had known so well in his early days. He walked on, looking at this chimney and that old wall, till he came to the churchyard, which he entered.

The head-stones were easily seen in the moonlight; and now for the first time Lackland began to feel himself amid the village community that he had left behind him thirty-five years before. Here, besides the Sallets, the Darths, the Pawles, the Privetts, the Sargents, and others of whom he had just heard, were names he remembered even better than those: the Jickses, and the Crosses, and the Knights, and the Olds. Some representatives of these families were yet among the living; but to him they would all be as strangers. He realized that in returning to this place he would have **to re-establish himself from the beginning**⁹, precisely as though he had never known the place, nor it him.

The figure of Mr Lackland was seen at the inn, and in the

village street, and in the fields for a few days after his arrival, and then, ghost-like, it silently disappeared. He had told some of the villagers that he had seen the place and had talked to the people. As for coming to spend the rest of his days among them, this purpose would probably never be carried out. It is now nearly fifteen years since his visit was paid, and his face has not again been seen.

Vocabulary

grant предоставлять

life зд. здравствующий член семьи

fine штраф

put off откладывать

urge подстегивать, подгонять

negligence небрежность, непредусмотрительность

forefinger указательный палец

ticklish трудный, щекотливый

repent (of smth) раскаиваться (в чем-л.)

Notes

1. **he was a selfish customer** — он был парень себе на уме
2. **granted upon lives** — предоставлялся по договору в пользование членов семьи до их смерти
3. **if new lives were not admitted and copyhold was not extended** — если наследники не включены в договор и аренда дома не продлена
4. **to spite the selfish young lover** — назло корыстолюбивому жениху
5. **for nothing** — зря, без пользы
6. **a careless sort of man in matters of religion** — не очень набожный человек

7. **that girl had a nerve** — эта девица была не из трусливого десятка
8. **to set her in a temper** — вывести ее из себя
9. **to re-establish himself from the beginning** — заново налаживать связи с людьми

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Who told the story of Netty Sargent?
- 2) What did Mr Sargent have to do to extend the copyhold?
- 3) When did he finally ask the squire to extend the copyhold?
- 4) What happened when Netty was putting the money into her desk?
- 5) In what position did Netty place the body of her uncle?
- 6) What did she say to the agent?
- 7) What did the agent see in the room?
- 8) What places did the stranger visit in the village?

2 Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Netty saw that her uncle had fallen forward in his chair.
- 2) Mr Sargent put off the visit to the Squire's agent's office week after week.
- 3) Netty placed her uncle with his back toward the window.
- 4) The agent counted the money and gave Netty the document for her uncle to sign.
- 5) Netty made a signature moving her uncle's hand.
- 6) Jasper threatened to leave Netty if she lost the house.

3 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Jasper was interested in Netty because _____.
- 2) The squire was anxious to get hold of Sargent's house because _____.
- 3) Mr Sargent postponed the renewal of the copyhold because _____.
- 4) Jasper gave Netty the fine-money because _____.
- 5) Mr Sargent finally asked to extend the copyhold because _____.
- 6) When Mr Sargent died Netty felt terrified because _____.
- 7) The new-comer felt uncomfortable in the village because _____.

4 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) базарный день;
- 2) хорошенькое дело!;
- 3) в моем присутствии;
- 4) засвидетельствовать подпись;
- 5) короче говоря.

5 Fill in the gaps with prepositions *after, in, out, by, off, into, at, round*.

- 1) Netty was hardly _____ of short dresses before the young chaps were _____ her.
- 2) Old Sargent put _____ the visit to the agent's office to spite the selfish Jasper.
- 3) Netty put the money _____ her desk to have close _____ hand.
- 4) Netty turned _____ and saw that her uncle had fallen forward in his chair.
- 5) Netty found a way to achieve her purpose _____ spite of her uncle's negligence.
- 6) The agent gave Netty the document signed _____ the squire.

6 Give synonyms to the following words and word combinations:

- 1) selfish;
- 2) to court;
- 3) to put off;
- 4) to have a nerve;
- 5) the ticklish part;
- 6) to repent of smth.

7 Say why:

- 1) many young men were after Netty.
- 2) the agent agreed not to come into the house.
- 3) the story of Netty's copyhold became known in the village.
- 4) the new squire did not take action against Netty.

8 Prove that:

- 1) Netty Sargent had a nerve.
- 2) Netty was not happy in her marriage to Jasper.
- 3) Netty was a lucky woman.
- 4) the stranger had to re-establish himself from the beginning in the village.

9 What do you think?

- 1) What do you feel about Netty? Was she a clever and courageous woman? Do you approve of her actions? Give your reasons. What would you do if you were in Netty's shoes (если бы вы оказались в таком же положении, как Нетти)?
- 2) What kind of a man was Jasper? Did he appreciate Netty's efforts? What do you think their life was?
- 3) What can you tell about the stranger? Did he fulfill his purpose? Do you think he ever returned to this place?



On the Western Circuit

ONE

The man who played the disturbing part in the lives of two quiet women depicted in this story first met them on an October evening, in the city of Melchester. He had been standing in the Close, trying to see in the darkness a mediaeval cathedral. The walls of the cathedral were not seen, but they reflected sounds which entered the Close by a street leading from the city square.

He postponed till the next morning his attempt to examine the deserted building and turned his attention to the noise and shouts. He went along a straight street, and into the square.

He might have searched Europe over for a greater contrast between neighbouring scenes. The market square was occupied by the fair. In front of the colourful booths the young man saw

three steam roundabouts. Lighting a short pipe, and putting his hat on one side and one hand in his pocket, to throw himself into harmony with his new environment, he went to the largest of the steam circuses, as the roundabouts were called by their owners.

It could now be seen that he was unlike the majority of the crowd. A gentlemanly young fellow, one of the type found in large towns only, and London particularly, **built on delicate lines, well, though not fashionably dressed, he appeared to belong to the professional class; he had nothing square or practical about his look, much that was curvilinear and sensuous**¹.

The revolving figures on the horses passed before his eyes. There were riders as young as six, and as old as sixty years, with every age between. At first it was difficult to catch a personality, but by and by the observer's eyes centred on the prettiest girl out of the several pretty ones revolving.

She was wearing the red skirt, dark jacket, brown hat and brown gloves. She was absolutely unconscious of everything except for the act of riding: for the moment she did not know her age or her history, much less her troubles.

The young man studied her as well as he could, glancing indifferently over the other riders, including the two plainer girls, the old woman and child, the two youngsters, the newly-married couple, the old man with a clay pipe, the pair of carpenters, and others. He had never seen a fairer product of nature, and at each round she made a deeper mark in his sentiments.

When the roundabout stopped, she stayed at her seat. People began to take other seats, and clearly she was deciding to have another turn. The young man came up to her and pleasantly asked her if she had enjoyed her ride.

'O yes!' she said, with dancing eyes. 'It has been quite unlike anything I have ever felt in my life before!'

It was not difficult to fall into conversation with her. Unreserved — too unreserved — by nature, **she was not experienced enough to be reserved by art**², and answered his remarks readily. She had come to live in Melchester from a village on the Great

Plain, and this was the first time that she had ever seen a steam-circus; she could not understand how such wonderful machines were made. She had come to the city on the invitation of Mrs Harnham, who had taken her into her household to train her as a servant, if she showed any aptitude. Mrs Harnham was a young lady who before she married had been Miss Edith White, living in the country near the speaker's cottage; she was now very kind to her as she had known her in childhood so well. She was even taking the trouble to educate her. Mrs Harnham was the only friend she had in the world, and as she had no children she had wished to have her near her in preference to anybody else, though she had only recently come; allowed her to do almost as she liked, and to have a holiday whenever she asked for it. The husband of this kind young lady was a rich wine-merchant of the town, but Mrs Harnham did not care much about him. In the daytime you could see the house from where they were talking. She, the speaker, liked Melchester better than the lonely country, and she was going to have a new hat for next Sunday that was to cost **fifteen and ninepence**³.

Then she asked the young man where he lived, and he told her in London, that ancient and smoky city, where everybody lived who lived at all, and died because they could not live there. He came into Wessex two or three times a year for professional reasons; he had arrived from Wintoncester yesterday, and was going on into the next county in a day or two. For one thing he did like the country better than the town, and it was because there were such girls as herself.

Then the pleasure-machine started again, and, to the light-hearted girl, the figure of the handsome young man, the market-square with its lights and crowd, the houses beyond, and the whole world, began moving round as before. Each time that she approached the half of her orbit that lay nearest him they looked at each other with smiles, and with that unmistakable expression which means so little at the moment, yet so often leads up to love, passion, heartache, union, devotion, disappointment and despair.

When the horses slowed again he stepped to her side and proposed another round. 'I'll pay!' he said.

She laughed till the tears came.

'Why do you laugh, dear?' said he.

'Because — you are so genteel that you must have plenty of money, and only say that for fun!' she returned.

'Ha-ha!' laughed the young man in unison, and gallantly produced his money for another round.

As he stood smiling there in the crowd, with his pipe in his hand, and wearing the rough jacket and a simple hat that he had put on for his walk, who would have supposed him to be Charles Bradford Raye, Esquire, **stuff-gownsmen, now going the Western Circuit**⁴, detained in Melchester by a small arbitration after his colleagues had moved on to the next county-town?

TWO

The house, of which the young girl had spoken, was a dignified residence of considerable size with several windows on each floor. On the first floor, in a large drawing-room, sat a lady, in appearance from twenty-eight to thirty years of age. The room was unlit from within, but enough of the light from the market-place entered it to reveal the lady's face. She was what is called an interesting creature rather than a handsome woman; dark-eyed, thoughtful, and with sensitive lips.

A man entered the room.

'O, Edith, I didn't see you,' he said. 'Why are you sitting here in the dark?'

'I am looking at the fair,' replied the lady in a low voice.

'Oh? Horrid nuisance every year!'

'I like it.'

'H'm. There's no accounting for taste.'

For a moment he looked from the window with her, for politeness' sake, and then went out again.

In a few minutes she rang.

'Hasn't Anna come in?' asked Mrs Harnham.

'No ma'am.'

'She ought to be in by this time. I allowed her to go for ten minutes only.'

'Shall I go and look for her, m'm?' said the housemaid readily.

'No. It is not necessary: she is a good girl and will come soon.'

However, when the servant had gone Mrs Harnham arose, went up to her room, put on her cloak and a hat, and went downstairs, where she found her husband.

'I want to see the fair,' she said; 'and I am going to look for Anna. I have made myself responsible for her, and I must make sure that she's all right. Will you come with me?'

'Oh, she's all right. I saw her on one of those roundabouts, talking to her young man as I came in. But I'll go if you wish, though I'd rather go a hundred miles the other way.'

'Then please do so. I shall go alone.'

She left the house and entered the crowd in the market-place, where she soon discovered Anna, seated on the revolving horse. As soon as it stopped Mrs Harnham advanced and said severely, 'Anna, how can you be such a wild girl? You were only to be out for ten minutes.'

Anna looked confused, and the young man who was standing near her, came to her assistance.

'Please don't blame her,' he said politely. 'It is my fault that she has stayed. She looked so graceful on the horse that I offered her to go round again. I assure you that she has been quite safe.'

'In that case I'll leave her in your hands,' said Mrs. Harnham, turning to go away.

But this for the moment it was not so easy to do. Something had attracted the crowd to this spot, and the wine-merchant's wife, found herself pressed against Anna's acquaintance without power to move away. Their faces were within a few inches of each other, his breath fanned her cheek as well as Anna's. They could do no other than smile at the accident; but neither spoke, and each waited passively. Mrs Harnham then felt a man's hand clasping her fingers, and from the look of consciousness on the young fellow's

face she knew the hand to be his: she also knew that from the position of the girl he had no other thought than that this hand was Anna's. What made her to refrain from telling him the truth she could hardly tell. Several minutes passed before the crowd thinned sufficiently to allow Mrs Harnham to move away.

'How did they get to know each other, I wonder?' she thought.

She was so impressed by the stranger's manner and voice, by the tenderness of his touch, that instead of re-entering the house she turned back again and observed the pair. She was little less impulsive than Anna she argued that it was very excusable in Anna to encourage him; he was so well-bred, so gentlemanly, so fascinating, had such beautiful eyes.

Finally Anna and her acquaintance separated and Anna went to Mrs Harnham's house.

'Anna,' said Mrs Harnham, coming up. 'I've been looking at you! That young man kissed you at parting I am almost sure.'

'Well,' stammered Anna; 'he said, if I didn't mind — it would do me no harm, and, and, him a great deal of good!'

'Ah, I thought so! And he was a stranger till to-night?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'No doubt you told him your name and every thing about yourself?'

'He asked me.'

'But he didn't tell you his?'

'Yes ma'am, he did!' cried Anna victoriously. 'It is Charles Bradford, of London.'

'Well, if he's respectable, of course I've nothing to say against him,' remarked her mistress. 'But I must reconsider all that, if he attempts to renew your acquaintance. A country girl like you, who has never lived in Melchester till this month, to be so sharp as to capture a young Londoner like him!'

'I didn't capture him. I didn't do anything,' said Anna in confusion.

The next morning the emotional Edith Harnham went to

the usual weekday service in Melchester cathedral. As soon as she had taken her seat he entered and sat down opposite her, interested in the architecture of the cathedral. He did not notice her, but Mrs Harnham was continually occupying her eyes with him, and wondered more than ever what had attracted him in her little silly maid-servant. The young man left; and Mrs Harnham — lonely, impressionable creature that she was — took no further interest in praising the Lord. She wished she had married a London man who knew the art of love as it was evidently known to him who had mistakenly caressed her hand.

T H R E E

Feeling a violent attraction to the pretty country girl Anna, Raye had remained in Melchester three days. He obtained walks and meetings with the girl six or seven times during this interval; had in brief won her, body and soul.

He supposed it was due to his loneliness that he had given way to a passion for an artless creature whose inexperience had led her to place herself unreservedly in his hands. He hated trifling with her feelings for the sake of a passing desire; and he could only hope that she would not suffer on his account.

She had begged him to come to her again. He had promised that he would do so, and he meant to carry out that promise. Besides the thought of her simple love might do him the negative good of keeping him from pleasures in town when he wished to work hard. His circuit journeys would take him to Melchester three or four times a year; and then he could always see her.

The pseudonym, or rather partial name, that he had given her as his before knowing how far the acquaintance was going to carry him, had been spoken on the spur of the moment. He had not afterwards told Anna his full name, but on leaving her he had given her an address **at a stationer's**⁵ not far from his flat, at which she might write to him under the initials 'C. B.'

When he returned to London he sent her a letter asking her

to write. In a few days the stationer handed to him a letter with the Melchester postmark.

He was not anxious to open the letter, and in truth did not begin to read it for nearly half-an-hour, expecting **passionate retrospect**⁶ and tender words. When at last he turned his feet to the fireplace and unfolded the sheet, he was surprised and pleased to find the most charming little letter he had ever received from women. The language was simple and the ideas were simple; the paper, too, was common. But what of those things? He had received letters from women who were fairly called ladies, but never so sensible, so human a letter as this. He could not single out any one sentence and say it was at all remarkable or clever. The whole letter impressed him.

Raye sent a short, encouraging line or two, signed with his pseudonym, in which he asked for another letter, and cheerfully promised that he would try to see her again on some near day, and would never forget how much they had been to each other during their short acquaintance.

F O U R

To return now to the moment at which Anna, at Melchester, had received Raye's letter.

The postman went away, but her look of embarrassment did not leave her. She opened the envelope, kissed its contents, put away the letter in her pocket, and remained thoughtful till her eyes filled with tears.

A few minutes later she carried up a cup of tea to Mrs Harnham in her bedroom. Anna's mistress looked at her, and said: 'How sad you look this morning, Anna. What's the matter?'

'I'm not sad, I'm glad; only I —' She stopped to stifle a sob. 'Well?'

'I've got a letter — and what good is it to me, if I can't read a word in it!'

'Why, I'll read it, child, if necessary.'

'But this is from somebody — I don't want anybody to read it but myself!' Anna said.

'I shall not tell anybody. Is it from that young man?'

'I think so.' Anna slowly produced the letter, saying: 'Then will you read it to me, ma'am?'

This was the secret of Anna's embarrassment. She could neither read nor write. She had grown up under the care of an aunt by marriage, at one of the lonely cottages on the Great Mid-Wessex Plain where, even in days of national education, there had been no school within a distance of two miles. Her aunt was an ignorant woman; there had been nobody to investigate Anna's circumstances, nobody to care about her education; though, as often in such cases, she had been well fed and clothed and not unkindly treated. Since she had come to live at Melchester with Mrs Harnham, her mistress who took a kindly interest in the girl, had taught her to speak correctly. Mrs. Harnham also insisted upon her getting a spelling and copy book, and beginning to practise in these. Anna was slower in this branch of her education, and meanwhile here was the letter.

Edith Harnham read the short letter on to its concluding sentence, which requested Anna to send him a tender answer.

'Now — you'll do it for me, won't you, dear mistress?' said Anna eagerly. 'Please? Because I couldn't bear him to think I am not able to do it myself. I should sink into the earth with shame if he knew that!'

From some words in the letter Mrs Harnham was led to ask questions, and the answers she received confirmed her suspicions. She blamed herself for not interfering in a flirtation which had resulted so seriously for the poor little creature. However, what was done could not be undone, and it was necessary for her now, as Anna's only protector, to help her as much as she could. She agreed to compose and write the answer to this young London man's letter.

A tender reply was written in Edith Harnham's hand. It was the letter which Raye had received and liked so much. It was writ-

ten in the presence of Anna, and on Anna's bad note-paper; but the life, the spirit, the individuality, were Edith Harnham's.

'Won't you at least put your name yourself?' she said. 'You can manage to write that by this time?'

'No, no,' said Anna, terrified. 'I should do it so bad. He'd be ashamed of me, and never see me again!'

The note, as we have seen, brought an answer. Raye declared it to be such a pleasure to hear from her that she must write every week. The same process of writing was repeated by Anna and her mistress, and continued for several weeks in succession. Each letter was written and suggested by Edith; the girl was standing by. The answer was read and commented on by Edith; Anna was standing by and listening again.

Late on a winter evening, after the sixth letter, Mrs Harnham was sitting alone by the remains of her fire. Her husband had gone to bed and she was thinking about a strange thing which she had done that day. For the first time since Raye's visit Anna had gone to stay over a night or two with her cottage friends on the Plain, and in her absence had arrived, out of its time, a letter from Raye. To this Edith had replied on her own responsibility, from the depths of her own heart, without waiting for her maid's assistance.

Edith Harnham led a lonely life. Influenced by the belief of the British parents that a bad marriage is better than free life with its interests, dignity, and leisure, she had agreed to marry the elderly wine-merchant at the age of twenty-seven — three years before this date — to find afterwards that she had made a mistake.

She was now clearly realizing that she had become captured to the bottom of her soul with the image of a man to whom she was hardly so much as a name. From the first he had attracted her by his looks and voice; by his tender touch; and later the writing of letter after letter and the reading of their soft answers had developed on her side an emotion which fanned his; till there was a magnetic reciprocity between the correspondents, in spite of the fact that one of them wrote in a character not her own.

They were her own passionate ideas — only made simple —

that Edith put into letters signed with another name. Edith found that the young **barrister**⁷ mainly responded to these, her own sentiments. The few sentences occasionally added from Anna's own lips made apparently no impression upon him.

Anna never discovered the letter-writing in her absence; but on her return the next morning she declared she wished to see her lover about something at once, and begged Mrs Harnham to ask him to come. Sinking down at Edith's knees, she made confession that the result of her relations with her lover it would soon be seen.

Edith Harnham instantly wrote another Anna-note hinting clearly though delicately the state of affairs.

Raye replied by a hasty letter to say how much he was concerned at her news: he felt that he must run down to see her almost immediately.

But a week later the girl came to her mistress's room with another note. Raye informed her that after all he could not find time for the journey. Anna was broken with grief; but Mrs Harnham asked her to refrain from reproaches. It was necessary to keep the young man's romantic interest in her alive. Edith, in the name of her maid, asked him not to worry about the looming event and not to hurry to Melchester. She desired above everything to be no weight upon him in his career. She had wished him to know what had happened. Then he could dismiss it again from his mind. Only he must write tenderly as ever, and when he should come again on the spring circuit it would be soon enough to discuss what had better be done.

When the letter had been sent off, and Edith Harnham was left alone, she wept.

'I wish his child was mine — I wish it was!' she whispered. 'Yet how can I say such a bad thing!'

FIVE

The letter moved Raye considerably when it reached him. The absence of any word of reproach, the devotion to his interests, the self-sacrifice was seen in every line, everything showed a noble character that he had never dreamt of finding in a woman.

'God forgive me!' he said. 'I did not know she was such a treasure as this!'

He wrote to her, declaring that he would not of course desert her, that he would provide a home for her somewhere. Meanwhile she was to stay where she was as long as her mistress would allow her.

But unfortunately Anna had to leave Mrs Harnham's house because her husband learned about her circumstances. She chose to go back for a while to the cottage on the Plain. She asked Mrs Harnham — the only well-to-do friend she had in the world — to receive the letters and reply to them at once, sending them on afterwards to herself on the Plain, where she might at least get some neighbour to read them to her.

Edith Harnham found herself in the strange position of having to correspond, under no supervision by the real woman, with a man not her husband, concerning a condition that was not Edith's at all; and the man was one for whom she felt a strong attraction. She opened each letter, read it as if for herself, and replied from her own heart.

For conscience' sake Edith at first sent on each of his letters to Anna, and even copies of her replies; but later on these so-called copies were much shortened, and many letters on both sides were not sent on at all.

Raye had really tender feelings for the country girl, and it became more tender than ever when he saw that she could express the deepest emotions in the simplest words. He finally decided to consult his sister, an unmarried lady much older than himself. He showed her some of the letters.

'She seems fairly educated,' Miss Raye observed. 'And bright in ideas. She expresses herself with a taste that must be born.'

'Yes. She writes very prettily.'

The result of the discussion was that though he had not been directly advised to do it, Raye wrote, in his real name that he could not live without her, and would come down in the spring and marry her.

Mrs Harnham drove out immediately to the cottage on the Plain to inform Anna of this. Anna jumped for joy like a little child. 'O!' she groaned, as she wrote the answer. 'Anna — poor good little fool — hasn't intelligence enough to appreciate him!'

It was now February. The correspondence had continued altogether for four months. In his next letter Raye said that he was sure that, with her powers of development, after a little private training under his supervision, and a little help from a governess if necessary, she would make a good wife for a barrister.

'O — poor fellow, poor fellow!' said Edith Harnham.

Edith was deeply worried. It was she who had caused that marriage which meant his ruin; yet she could not, in mercy to her maid, do anything to hinder his plan.

Anna came, and her mistress took her into her own room for privacy. Anna began by saying that she was glad the wedding was so near.

'O Anna!' replied Mrs Harnham. 'I think we must tell him all — that I have been doing your writing for you.'

'O mis'ess, dear mis'ess — please don't tell him now!' cried Anna. 'Perhaps he would not marry me; and what should I do then? And I am getting on with my writing, too. I have brought with me the copybook you had given me, and I practise every day.'

Edith looked at the copybook. The progress as the girl had made looked as grotesque imitations. But even if Edith's neat words were reproduced the inspiration would be another thing.

'Very well,' said Edith. 'But you must concentrate your attention on writing your name as I write it here.'

SIX

Soon Raye wrote about the wedding. He wished to have the ceremony in London, for greater privacy. Edith Harnham would have preferred it at Melchester; Anna was passive. His reasoning prevailed, and Mrs Harnham began preparations for Anna's departure. In a last desperate feeling that she must be in at the death of her dream and see once again the man who by a kind of telepa-

thy had had such an influence on her, she offered to go up with Anna and be with her through the ceremony — 'to see the end of her,' as her mistress said. Anna accepted the offer; for she had no other friend capable of playing the part of companion and witness in the presence of gentlemen.

It was a muddy morning in March when Raye, Anna and Mrs Harnham arrived in a cab at the door of a registry-office. A young man — a friend of Raye's — met them at the door. Anna looked attractive in the somewhat fashionable clothes which Mrs Harnham had helped her to buy, though not quite so attractive as, an innocent child, she had appeared in her country dress on the back of the wooden horse at Melchester Fair.

Till an hour before the ceremony Raye had never known the wine-merchant's wife, except for that first short meeting. But somehow at the registry Raye discovered a strange and secret gravitation between himself and Anna's friend.

When the ceremony was, the four went in one cab to Raye's lodgings in a new suburb in preference to a house, the rent of which he could not afford just then. Here Anna cut the little cake which Raye had bought on his way home the night before. But she did not do much besides. Raye's friend had to leave almost immediately, and when he had left the only ones virtually present were Edith and Raye who exchanged ideas with much interest. The conversation was indeed theirs only. Anna behaved as a domestic animal who heard but did not understand. Raye did not like that.

They had planned to start early that afternoon for Knollsea, to spend the few opening days of their married life there. Raye asked his wife if she would go to the writing-desk in the next room and write a little note to his sister, who had been unable to come because of her illness and thank her for her present.

'Say it in the pretty poetical way you can,' he added, 'I want you to win her; both of you are dear to me.'

Anna looked uneasy, but left the room. She was absent for a long time, and her husband suddenly went to look for her.

He found her at the writing-table, with tears in her eyes; and

he looked down upon the sheet of note-paper with some interest. To his surprise she had written a few lines, in the characters and spelling of a child of eight, and with the primitive ideas.

‘Anna,’ he said, ‘what’s this?’

‘It only means — that I can’t do it any better!’ she answered, through her tears.

‘Eh? Nonsense!’

‘I can’t!’ she insisted, with miserable sobbing. ‘I — I — didn’t write those letters, Charles! I only told *her* what to write! And not always that! But I am learning so fast, my dear, dear husband! And you’ll forgive me, won’t you, for not telling you before?’

He stood a few moments, then turned, and left the room.

‘Do I guess rightly?’ he asked Edith, with quietness. ‘*You* wrote the letters?’

‘It was necessary,’ said Edith.

‘Did she dictate every word you ever wrote to me?’

‘Not every word.’

‘You wrote a great part of those pages every week from your own heart, though in her name!’

‘Yes.’

‘Perhaps you wrote many of the letters when you were alone, without communication with her?’

‘I did.’

He turned to the bookcase.

‘You have deceived me — ruined me!’ he said.

‘O, don’t say it!’ she cried, jumping up and putting her hand on his shoulder. ‘I can’t bear that!’

‘Why did you do it — *why* did you!’

‘I began doing it in kindness to her! How could I try to save such a simple girl from misery? But I admit that I continued it for pleasure to myself.’

Raye went up to her, and took her unresisting hand. ‘Well, to think of such a thing as this!’ he said. ‘Why, you and I are friends — lovers — devoted lovers — by correspondence!’

‘Yes; I suppose.’

‘Legally I have married her — and in soul and spirit I have married you, and no other woman in the world!’

‘Hush!’

‘But I will not hush! Yes, it is between you and me that the bond is — not between me and her! Now I’ll say no more.’

He drew her towards him.

‘If it was all pure invention in those letters,’ he said, ‘give me your cheek only. If you meant what you said, let it be lips. It is for the first and last time, remember!’

She put up her mouth, and he kissed her long. ‘You forgive me?’ she said crying.

‘Yes.’

‘But you are ruined!’

‘What matter!’ he said shrugging his shoulders. ‘It serves me right!’

‘She wiped her eyes and went to say good-bye to Anna, who had not expected her to go so soon, and was still struggling with the letter. Raye followed Edith downstairs, and in three minutes she was in a cab driving to the Waterloo station.

He went back to his wife. ‘Never mind the letter, Anna, to-day,’ he said gently. ‘Put on your things. We, too, must be off.’

The simple girl, happy that she was indeed married, was glad to find that he was as kind as ever. She did not know that in his eyes the unlettered country girl was chained to his side for the remainder of his life.

Edith travelled back to Melchester that day with a face that showed deep grief. Her lips still remembered the pressure of his kiss. The end of her passionate dream had come.

Entering the house she went in the dark to the drawing-room, and not knowing what she did, fell on the floor.

‘I have ruined him!’ she kept repeating. ‘I have ruined him; because I helped her!’

A figure opened the door of the room.

‘Ah — who’s that?’ she said.

‘Your husband — who should it be?’ said the merchant.

'Ah — my husband! I forgot I had a husband!' she whispered to herself.

'How is Anna?'

'Anna is married.'

Anna and her husband were sitting at the opposite windows of a second-class carriage which hurried to Knollsea. In his hand was a pocket-book full of sheets closely written over. Unfolding them one after another he read them in silence, and sighed.

'What are you doing, dear Charles?' she said from the other window, and drew nearer to him as if he were a god.

'Reading over all those sweet letters to me signed "Anna",' he replied in a sad and dull voice.

Vocabulary

close *зд.* территория, прилегающая к собору

booth киоск, *зд.* ярмарочный балаган

revolving вращающийся

aptitude способности

light-hearted беззаботный, радостный

nuisance неприятность *или* помеха, доставляющая неудобство

well-bred хорошо воспитанный

fan раздувать, разжигать

reciprocity взаимность

looming грядущий

unlettered неграмотный, необразованный

Notes

1. **built on delicate lines, well, though not fashionably dressed, he appeared to belong to the professional class; he had nothing square or practical about his look, much that was curvilinear and sensuous** — тонкий, хорошо, хотя и не модно одетый, он мог быть врачом, священником или юристом. Ничто не

указывало на то, что в нем могли быть грубые и практические наклонности. Его внешний вид напротив свидетельствовал о натуре мягкой и чувствительной.

2. **she was not experienced enough to be reserved by art** — у нее было так мало жизненного опыта, что она еще не научилась искусству сдержанности
3. **fifteen and ninepence** — пятнадцать шиллингов и девять пенсов
4. **stuff-gownsmen, going the Western Circuit** — молодой юрист, участвующий в выездной сессии по Западному судебному округу
5. **at a stationer's** — в магазине канцтоваров
6. **passionate retrospect** — пылкие воспоминания
7. **barrister** — *брит.* барристер; адвокат, имеющий право выступать в высших судах

Exercises

1. **Answer the following questions.**

- 1) When and where did Raye meet Anna?
- 2) What can you tell about Anna's background?
- 3) Why did Raye give Anna only part of his name?
- 4) When did Edith meet Raye?
- 5) When did Edith see Raye next time?
- 6) Who wrote the letters to Raye?
- 7) What did Raye do when he learned of Anna's pregnancy?
- 8) When and where did Raye understand that he had corresponded with Edith?

2. **Put the sentences in the right order and make a summary using these sentences and additional information.**

- 1) Mrs Harnham had taken Anna into her house to train as a servant.

- 2) Raye proposed to marry Anna in the spring.
- 3) Raye was detained in Melchester by a small arbitration.
- 4) Mrs Harnham went to the fair to look for Anna.
- 5) Mrs Harnham helped Anna to buy fashionable clothes.
- 6) Edith agreed to write letters to Raye in the name of Anna.
- 7) Raye selected the prettiest girl on the roundabout.
- 8) Raye mistakenly caressed Edith's hand.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) молодожены;
- 2) о вкусах не спорят;
- 3) уступать страсти;
- 4) играть с чувствами;
- 5) подавить рыдания;
- 6) что сделано, того не воротишь;
- 7) выбросить из головы;
- 8) спасти от страданий.

4 Fill in the gaps with prepositions *under, up, by, on, into, for, of*.

- 1) At first it was difficult to catch a personality, but then his eyes centred ___ the prettiest girl on the roundabout.
- 2) Raye easily fell ___ conversation with the girl.
- 3) Anna had come to Melchester ___ the invitation of Mrs Harnham.
- 4) Mr Harnham looked at the fair with his wife ___ politeness' sake.
- 5) Raye used the pseudonym ___ the spur of the moment.
- 6) Raye thought that Anna's simple love might do him the negative good ___ keeping him from pleasures in town where he wished to work hard.
- 7) Anna had grown ___ the care of an aunt ___ marriage.
- 8) Anna jumped ___ joy when Raye proposed marriage to her.

5 Imagine that you are:

• *Edith Harnham*. Say:

- 1) a few words about your family life and interests.
- 2) what you felt when you met Raye at the fair.
- 3) why you decided to help Anna with the letters.
- 4) what you felt when Raye learned the truth.

• *Charles Raye*. Say:

- 1) what you were doing in Melchester.
- 2) what you liked in Anna and why you proposed to marry her.
- 3) what you felt when you understood that you had married the wrong woman.

6 What do you think?

- 1) Why did Edith agree to correspond with Raye in the name of Anna? Do you think that she was right to do so? Did she realize that her help could ruin Raye's life? Would you do the same if you were Edith?
- 2) What can you tell about the feelings between Edith and Raye? Was it real love and understanding? Could they be happy together? Why do you think Edith never thought about having Raye for herself?
- 3) What do you think about Raye? Could you imagine his future life with Anna?
- 4) What do you feel about Anna? Did she understand that lies can't bring happiness? What would you do if you were her?
- 5) Do you think that many people now write letters? Do letters help people to know each other better? Do you like to write and receive letters? What other means of correspondence can we use now?

To Please his Wife

ONE

The interior of St. James's Church, in Havenpool Town, was slowly darkening under the low clouds of a winter afternoon. It was Sunday: service had just ended, and the congregation were rising from their knees to leave.

At that moment the dark figure of a man in a sailor's clothes appeared in the doorway.

The sailor closed the door gently behind him, and moved to the pulpit. The parson looked up from the private little prayer-book, rose to his feet, and stared at the intruder.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the sailor, addressing the man in a voice. 'I have come here to offer thanks **for my narrow escape from shipwreck**¹. I understand that it is a proper thing to do, if you have no objection?'

The parson, after a moment's pause, said hesitatingly, 'I have no objection, certainly. It is usual to mention any such wish before service, so that the proper words may be used in the **General Thanksgiving**². But, if you wish, we can read from the form for use after a storm at sea.'

'Ay, sure,' said the sailor.

The clerk directed the sailor to the page in the prayer-book and the parson began reading it. The sailor was standing on his knees and repeating the prayer after him word by word.

When his thanksgiving had come to an end he rose and went out of church. As soon as the sailor came out, and the remaining daylight fell upon his face, old inhabitants began to recognize him as Shadrach Jolliffe, a young man who had not been seen at Havenpool for several years. His parents had died when he was quite young, and he had early gone to sea, **in the Newfoundland trade**³.

He talked with this and that townsman as he walked, informing them that, since leaving his native place years before, he had become captain and owner of a small boat, which had been saved from the storm as well as himself. Then he came up to two girls

who were going out of the churchyard in front of him; they had watched him in the church with deep interest, discussing him as they moved out of church together. One was a slight and gentle creature, the other a tall and deliberative girl. Captain Jolliffe looked at the loose curls of their hair, their backs and shoulders, down to their heels, for some time.

'Who are these girls?' he whispered to his neighbour.

'The little one is Emily Hanning; the tall one Joanna Phippard.'

'Ah! I recollect 'em now, to be sure.'

He advanced to their elbow, and looked at them.

'Emily, you don't know me?' said the sailor, turning his smiling brown eyes on her.

'I think I do, Mr Jolliffe,' said Emily shyly.

The other girl looked straight at him with her dark eyes.

'The face of Miss Joanna I don't remember so well,' he continued. 'But I know her family.'

They walked and talked together till they reached the corner of Sloop Lane, where Emily Hanning lived, and, with a nod and smile, she left them. Soon the sailor parted also from Joanna, and turned back towards Emily's house. **She lived with her father, who called himself an accountant, but she had to keep a little stationery-shop as a supplemental provision for the gaps of his somewhat uncertain business.**⁴ On entering Jolliffe found father and daughter about to begin tea.

'O, I didn't know it was tea-time,' he said. 'Ay, I'll have a cup with much pleasure.'

He remained to tea and long afterwards, telling tales of his life at sea. Somehow Emily Hanning lost her heart to the sailor that Sunday night, and in the course of a week or two there was a tender understanding between them.

One moonlight evening in the next month in the street Shadrach saw a figure before him whom, from her manner of glancing back, he took to be Emily. But, on coming up, he found she was Joanna Phippard. He gave a gallant greeting, and walked beside her.

'You' d better go,' she said, 'or Emily will be jealous!'

He seemed not to like the suggestion, and remained.

What was said and what was done on that walk Shadrach never clearly remembered; but in some way or other Joanna managed to win him away from her gentler and younger rival⁵. From that week Jolliffe was seen more and more with Joanna Phippard and less in the company of Emily; and soon people began to say that old Jolliffe's son, who had come home from sea, was going to be married to Joanna, to the great disappointment of her friend.

One morning Joanna dressed herself for a walk and started for Emily's house. She had also heard the rumours, and her conscience reproached her for winning Shadrach away.

Joanna was not completely satisfied with the sailor. She liked his attentions, and she would like to become a married woman; but she had never been deeply in love with Jolliffe. For one thing, she was ambitious, and socially his position was hardly so good as her own, and **there was always the chance of an attractive woman mating considerably above her**⁶. It had long been in her mind that she would not strongly object to give him back again to Emily if her friend felt so very badly about him. So she had written a letter to Shadrach, intending to send it if personal observation of Emily convinced her that her friend was suffering.

Joanna entered the stationery-shop. Emily's father was never at home at this hour of the day, and it seemed as though Emily were not at home either. Joanna waited in the shop till she saw a figure outside the window. It was Captain Shadrach Jolliffe. Moved by an impulse of reluctance to meet him in a spot which breathed of Emily, Joanna slipped into the backroom.

Jolliffe entered the shop. Through the thin curtain over the glass door she could see that he was disappointed at not finding Emily there. He was about to go out again, when Emily appeared in the doorway. At sight of Jolliffe she started back.

'Don't run away, Emily; don't!' said he. 'Why are you afraid?'

'I'm not afraid, Captain Jolliffe. Only — only I saw you all of a sudden, and — it made me jump!' Her voice showed that her heart had jumped even more than the rest of her.

'I just called as I was passing,' he said.

'For some paper?' She hastened behind the counter.

'No, no, Emily; why do ye get behind there? Why not stay by me? You seem to hate me.'

'I don't hate you. How can I?'

'Then come out, so that we can talk like friends.'

Emily obeyed with a nervous laugh, till she stood again beside him in the open part of the shop.

'Emily, I have the best of feelings for Joanna, but I know that from the beginning she hasn't cared for me more than in a friendly way; and I see now the one I ought to have asked to be my wife. You know, Emily, when a man comes home from sea after a long voyage he's as blind as a bat — he can't see who's who in women. They are all alike to him, beautiful creatures, and he takes the first that comes easy, without thinking if she loves him, or if he might not soon love another better than her. From the first liked you better, but you were so shy that I thought you didn't want me to bother you, and so I went to Joanna.'

'Don't say any more, Mr Jolliffe, don't!' said she. 'You are going to marry Joanna next month, and it is wrong to — to —'

'O, Emily, my darling!' he cried, and clasped her little figure in his arms before she was aware.

Joanna, behind the curtain, turned pale, tried to withdraw her eyes, but could not.

'It is only you I love as a man ought to love the woman he is going to marry; and I know this from what Joanna has said, that she will willingly let me off! She wants to marry higher I know, and only said "Yes" to me out of kindness. A fine, tall girl like her isn't the sort for a plain sailor's wife: you be the best suited for that.'

He kissed her and kissed her again.

'I wonder — are you sure — Joanna is going to break off with you? O, are you sure? Because —'

'I know she would not wish to make us miserable. She will release me.'

'O, I hope — I hope she will! Don't stay any longer, Captain Jolliffe!'

He stayed, however, till a customer came for a penny stick of sealing-wax, and then he left.

Green envy⁷ had captured Joanna at the scene. Emily should not know about her visit. She noiselessly escaped out of the house into the street.

At the sight of that caress Joanna changed her mind. She could not let Shadrach go. Reaching home she burnt the letter, and told her mother that if Captain Jolliffe came she was too unwell to see him.

Shadrach, however, did not come. He sent her a note expressing in simple language the state of his feelings; and asked to be allowed to take advantage of the hints she had given him that her feelings, too, were little more than friendly, **by cancelling the engagement**⁸.

He waited and waited in his lodgings for an answer that did not come. Finally after dark he went up the High Street to learn his fate.

Joanna's mother said her daughter had been upset by his letter. Shadrach, feeling guilty, said that he had misunderstood her attitude to him, and if he was wrong she was to think of the letter as never having been written.

Next day he met Joanna. She said:

'It is all the same as before between us, isn't it, Shadrach? Your letter was sent in mistake?'

'It is all the same as before,' he answered, 'if you say it must be.'

'I wish it to be,' she said angry with Emily.

Shadrach was a religious and honest man, who respected his word as his life. Shortly afterwards the wedding took place, Jolliffe told Emily as gently as possible that he had been wrong to estimate Joanna's mood as one of indifference.

A month after the marriage Joanna's mother died, and the couple were obliged to turn their attention to very practical matters. Now that she was left without a parent, Joanna did not like the idea of her husband going to sea again, but the question was, What could he do at home? They finally decided to buy a grocer's shop in High Street. Shadrach knew nothing of shopkeeping, and Joanna very little, but they hoped to learn.

To the management of this grocery business they now devoted all their energies, and continued to conduct it for many years, without great success. Two sons were born to them, whom their mother adored, although she had never passionately loved her husband; and she gave them all her love and care. But the shop did not thrive, so she could not give her sons good education. Living by the sea, **they grew alert in all such nautical arts and enterprises as were attractive to their age**⁹.

The great interest of the Jolliffes' married life, outside their own problems, was in the marriage of Emily. At last the gentle girl had been seen and loved by a thriving merchant of the town, a widower, some years older than herself, though still **in the prime of life**¹⁰. At first Emily had declared that she never, never could marry any one; but Mr Lester was insistent and had at last she agreed to marry him. Two children also were the fruits of this union, and, as they grew and prospered, Emily declared that she had never supposed that she could be so happy.

The merchant's home, one of those large brick houses, stood opposite to the grocery shop of the Jolliffes, and it now became the pain of Joanna to think that the woman whose place she had taken out of envy, was looking down from her position of comparative wealth. Joanna was obliged to serve in the shop herself; and it upset and humiliated her that when she was trying to please rare customers Emily was walking with her children and her governess, and talking with the nicest people of the town. This was what she had gained by not releasing Shadrach Jolliffe, whom she had so faintly loved.

Shadrach was a good and honest man, and he was faithful to her. His love for Emily gave way to the devotion to the mother of his sons. Emily had become nothing more than a friend. It was the same with Emily's feelings for him.

Shadrach did not have the character necessary for developing a retail business in the face of many competitors.

'Shadrach, the truth is, you are not a businessman,' his wife said one summer day. 'You were not brought up to shopkeeping, and it is impossible for a man to make a fortune at an occupation he has jumped into, as you did into this.'

Jolliffe agreed with her, in this as in everything else. 'Not that I care about making a fortune,' he said cheerfully. 'I am happy enough, and we can manage somehow.'

She looked again at Emily's the great house across the street.

'Manage — yes,' she said bitterly. 'But see how rich Emmy Lester is, who used to be so poor! Her boys will go to College, no doubt; and think of yours — obliged to go to the Parish School!'

Shadrach's thoughts had flown to Emily.

'Nobody,' he said good-humouredly, 'ever did Emily a better turn than you did, Joanna, when you put an end to that little nonsense between us, so as to leave it in her power to marry Lester.'

This almost maddened her.

'Don't speak of the past!' she said sadly. 'But think, for the boys' and my sake, if not for your own, what are we to do to get richer?'

'Well,' he said, becoming serious, 'to tell the truth, I have always felt myself unfit for this business, though I've never liked to say so. I could get rich as well as any man, if I tried my own way.'

'I wish you would! What is your way?'

'To go to sea again.'

She had been the very one to keep him at home, hating the semi-widowed existence of sailors' wives. But her ambition was stronger than her instincts now, and she said: 'Do you want to go, Shadrach?'

'Not for the pleasure of it, I can tell you. There's no such

pleasure at sea, Joanna, as I can find in my backroom here. But if it comes to a question of a fortune for you and the lads, it is another thing. That's the only way to it for a born sailor as I.'

'Would it take long to earn?'

'Well, that depends; perhaps not.'

The next morning Shadrach put on jacket he had worn during the first months of his return, and walked down to the port. The port still did a fair business in the Newfoundland trade, though not so much as before.

It was not long after this that he invested all he possessed in **purchasing a part-ownership in a brig**¹¹, of which he was appointed captain. In the spring the brig sailed for Newfoundland.

Joanna lived on at home with her sons, who were now growing up into strong lads, and occupying themselves in various ways about the port.

'Never mind, let them work a little,' their fond mother said to herself. 'When Shadrach comes home they will be only seventeen and eighteen, and they shall be removed from the port. With the money they'll have they will perhaps be as near to gentlemen as Emmy Lester's precious two, with their algebra and their Latin!'

When Shadrach returned, he pulled out an enormous canvas bag, untied it, and shook the contents out into her lap as she sat in her low chair by the fire. A mass of golden coins fell into her lap, weighing down her dress to the floor.

'There!' said Shadrach satisfied. 'I told you, dear, I'd do it; and have I done it or no?'

Somehow her face, after the first excitement of possession, showed disappointment.

'It is a lot of gold, indeed,' she said. 'And — is this *all*?'

'All? Why, dear Joanna, do you know you can count to three hundred in that heap? It is a fortune!'

'Yes — yes. A fortune — judged by sea; but judged by land —'

'Well, you see, Shadrach,' she said, 'we count by hundreds; *they* count by thousands (nodding towards the other side of the

Street).’ My dear Shadrach, you don’t know how the world moves. However, we’ll do the best we can with it. But they are rich, and we are poor still!’

Life went on. Joanna moved sadly about the house and shop, and the boys were still occupying themselves in and around the port.

‘Joanna,’ said Shadrach one day, ‘I see by your movements that it is not enough.’

‘It is not enough,’ said she. ‘My boys will have to live by steering the ships that the Lesters own; and I was once above her!’

Jolliffe was not an argumentative man, and he only said that he thought he would make another voyage.

He thought for several days, and coming home from the port one afternoon said suddenly:

‘I could do it for you, dear, in one more trip, for certain, if — if —’

‘If what?’

‘If I might take the boys.’

She turned pale.

‘Don’t say that, Shadrach,’ she answered hastily.

‘Why?’

‘I don’t like to hear it! There’s danger at sea. I want them to be gentlemen, and no danger to them. I couldn’t let them risk their lives at sea. O, I couldn’t ever, ever!’

‘Very well, dear, it shan’t be done.’

Next day, after a silence, she asked a question:

‘If they were to go with you it would make a great deal of difference, I suppose, to the profit?’

‘It would me much more what I should get single-handed. Under my eye they would be as good as two more of myself. **The boys are almost as clever as master-mariners in handling a craft.**¹² They’ve practised here from their youth. And they are so steady and reliable.’

‘And is it *very* dangerous at sea; now, too, there are rumours of war?’ she asked uneasily.

‘O, well, there be risks. Still ...’

The idea grew, capturing the mother’s heart. Shadrach’s wife could not help thinking about their comparative poverty. The young men, friendly as their father, were ready to sail; and though they, like their father, had no great love for the sea, they became quite enthusiastic when the proposal was discussed in detail.

At last Joanna gave the word: the young men might accompany their father. Shadrach was unusually cheerful about it.

All that the Jolliffes possessed in the world was put into the enterprise. **The grocery stock was cut down to the least that possibly could let Joanna live through their absence**¹³.

T H R E E

The brig sailed on a Monday morning in spring; but Joanna did not witness its departure. When she came down she saw the words chalked on the surface of the bureau but no husband or sons. In the hastily-written lines Shadrach said they had gone off like that because they did not want to upset her; and the sons had chalked under his words: ‘Good-bye, mother!’

She ran to the harbour, but she could only see the masts and sails of the *Joanna*; no human figures. ‘I have sent them!’ she said wildly, and burst into tears. In the house the chalked ‘Good-bye’ nearly broke her heart. But when she had re-entered the front room, and looked across at Emily’s, her thin face was lit with triumph.

To do Emily Lester justice, her superiority was mainly the result of Joanna’s imagination. The merchant’s wife was, of course, more well-off than Joanna, but whenever the two met, which was not very often now, Emily tried to hide the difference by every means in her power.

Emily was, in truth, her only large customer; and Mrs Lester’s kind readiness to buy anything and everything without questioning the quality hurt Joanna. Once Emily came to see her ex-friend. She had heard that Joanna began to worry; she had received no letter from husband or sons for some months.

'You are all success, and I am all the other way!' said Joanna.

'But why do you think so?' said Emily. 'They may bring back a fortune, I hear.'

'Ah! will they come? The doubt is more than a woman can bear. All three in one ship — think of that! And I have not heard of them for months!'

'But the time is not up.'

'Nothing will repay me for the grief of their absence!'

'Then why did you let them go? You were doing fairly well.'

'I made them go!' she said, turning angrily upon Emily. 'And I'll tell you why! I could not bear that we are so poor, and you so rich and thriving! Now I have told you, and you may hate me if you will!'

'I shall never hate you, Joanna.'

And she proved the truth of her words afterwards. The end of autumn came, and the brig should have been in port; but nothing like the *Joanna* appeared in the channel between the sands. Joanna Jolliffe sat by the fire. She had always feared and hated the sea. To her it was a cruel creature. 'Still,' she said, 'they *must* come!'

Nevertheless they did not come. Her sufferings were her punishment for the sin of making them the slaves of her ambition. Months had passed, but the brig had not returned.

Joanna's shop had as it were, eaten itself hollow.¹⁴ In the apathy which had resulted from her loneliness and grief she had stopped to take in the smallest supplies, and as a result had sent away her last customer.

Emily Lester tried by every means in her power to help the poor woman; but she met with constant rejection.

'I don't like you! I can't see you!' Joanna would whisper angrily when Emily came to her.

'But I want to help you, Joanna,' Emily would say.

'You are a lady, with a rich husband and fine sons! What do you want with an unhappy old woman like me!'

'Joanna, I want this: I want you to come and live in my house, and not stay alone in this lonely place any longer.'

'And suppose they come and don't find me at home? You wish to separate me and mine! No, I'll stay here. I don't like you, and I can't thank you, whatever kindness you do me!'

However, as time went on Joanna could not afford to pay the rent of the shop and house without an income. She was assured that there was no hope of the return of Shadrach and his sons, and she reluctantly agreed to move to the Lesters' house. Here she was given a room of her own on the second floor, and she went and came as she chose, without contact with the family. Her hair greyed and whitened, deep lines appeared on her forehead. But she still expected the lost ones, and when she met Emily on the staircase she would say: 'I know why you've got me here! They'll come, and be disappointed at not finding me at home, and perhaps go away again. You want to revenge on me for my taking Shadrach away from you!'

Emily Lester was sure — all the people of Havenpool were sure — that Shadrach and his sons had gone to the bottom.

It was a damp and dark December night, six years after the departure of the brig *Joanna*. Joanna had prayed her usual prayer for the absent ones and had fallen asleep about eleven. It must have been between one and two when she suddenly heard steps in the street, and the voices of Shadrach and her sons calling at the door of the grocery shop. She got up and ran down Emily's large and carpeted staircase into the street. She came up to the shop in a moment. Nobody stood there. The unhappy woman walked wildly up and down with her bare feet — there was not a soul. She returned and knocked at the door which had once been her own.

Several minutes later the young man who now kept the shop looked out of an upper window, and saw the skeleton of something human standing below half-dressed.

'Has anybody come?' asked the form.

'O, Mrs Jolliffe, I didn't know it was you,' said the young man kindly. He knew of her baseless expectations.

'No; nobody has come.'

Vocabulary

- congregation** прихожане
pulpit кафедра в церкви, с которой священник читает проповеди
deliberative говорливый
care for зд. любить
release отпускать
slip проскользнуть, не привлекая внимания
indifference безразличие, равнодушие
shopkeeping торговля
humiliate унижать
retail розничный
argumentative любящий спорить
enterprise предприятие

Notes

1. **for my narrow escape from shipwreck** — за то, что мой корабль чудом избежал кораблекрушения
2. **General Thanksgiving** — общий благодарственный молебен
3. **in the Newfoundland trade** — поступив на корабль, совершавший торговые рейсы в Ньюфаундленд
4. **She lived with her father, who called himself an accountant, but she had to keep a little stationery-shop as a supplemental provision for the gaps of his somewhat uncertain business.** — Она жила вместе с отцом, который называл себя финансовым консультантом, но так как это занятие давало ему непостоянный доход, то дочь держала небольшой магазинчик канцелярских товаров.
5. **to win him away from her gentler and younger rival** — отбить его у своей более симпатичной и молодой соперницы
6. **there was always the chance of an attractive woman mating**

- considerably above her** — она, как красивая женщина, могла рассчитывать, что благодаря замужеству сможет выше подняться по общественной лестнице
7. **green envy** — жгучая зависть
 8. **by cancelling the engagement** — расторгнув помолвку
 9. **they grew alert in all such nautical arts as were attractive to their age** — они наловчились во всем, что относилось к мореплаванию, такому привлекательному для мальчиков их возраста
 10. **in the prime of life** — в расцвете сил
 11. **in purchasing a part-ownership in a brig** — в покупку брига на паях
 12. **The boys are almost as clever as master-mariners in handling a craft.** — Мальчики умеют водить судно не хуже иного шкипера.
 13. **The grocery stock was cut down to the least that possibly could let Joanna live through their absence.** — Запасы товара для лавки были сведены к минимуму — лишь бы Джоанне прожить до возвращения мужа и сыновей.
 14. **Joanna's shop had, as it were, eaten itself hollow.** — Магазин Джоанны как-то сам собой перестал существовать.

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Shadrach Jolliffe come to the church?
- 2) Which of the two girls did Shadrach choose at first?
- 3) What happened after his meeting with Joanna?
- 4) Why did Joanna come to Emily's shop?
- 5) What did Shadrach say to Emily?
- 6) What was the reaction of Joanna?
- 7) What did Shadrach do for a living after his marriage?
- 8) What happened to Emily?

- 9) What made Shadrach go to sea again?
- 10) Did Joanna believe that Shadrach and her sons were dead?

2 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- a) Shadrach lost his parents when he was young and went to sea, in the Newfoundland trade.
- b) Emily lived with her father and kept a grocer's shop.
- c) Joanna liked Shadrach's attention but she had never been deeply in love with him.
- d) Shadrach did not have the character necessary for developing a retail business.
- e) Joanna agreed at once to let her husband and sons go to sea.
- f) Emily hated Joanna for her taking Shadrach's away.
- g) Joanna refused to live in Emily's house.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) МОЛИТВЕННИК;
- 2) ОТВЕСТИ ВЗГЛЯД;
- 3) РАЗБОГАТЕТЬ;
- 4) ОКАЗАТЬ ХОРОШУЮ УСЛУГУ;
- 5) УПРАВЛЯТЬ КОРАБЛЯМИ.

4 Fill in the gaps with the verbs from the box.

to adore	to object
to afford	to care
to win	to misunderstand

- 1) Joanna's conscience reproached her for ____ Shadrach away from her friend.
- 2) Shadrach was sure that Joanna did not ____ for him more than in a friendly way.

- 3) Joanna ____ her sons although she had never passionately loved her husband.
- 4) Joanna could not ____ to pay the rent of the shop and house without an income.
- 5) Joanna decided that she would not ____ to give Shadrach back again to Emily if her friend felt so very badly about him.
- 6) Joliffe told Emily as gently as possible that he ____ Joanna's feelings.

5 Change the sentences to reported speech.

- 1) 'I didn't know it was teatime', said Shadrach to Emily and her father. 'I'll have a cup with much pleasure.'
- 2) 'Don't run away, Emily!' said Shadrach.
- 3) 'A fine, tall girl like her isn't the sort for a plain sailor's wife,' said Shadrach to Emily.
- 4) 'Shadrach, you are not a businessman,' his wife said one day.
- 5) 'Why did you let them go to sea?' asked Emily, looking at her friend.

6 Prove that:

- 1) Shadrach Joliffe was a good and honest man.
- 2) Joanna was an ambitious woman.
- 3) Emily Lester did not hate Joanna.
- 4) Shadrach and his sons became the slaves of Joanna's ambition.

7 What do you think?

- 1) Why do you think Shadrach at first choose Emily? Why was he then attracted to Joanna? Did he make the right choice? Do you think that Emily suited him better? Why?

- 2) What can you say about Joanna? Was she a good friend, wife and mother? Give your reasons.
- 3) Why did she win Shadrach away from her friend? Did her envy do her good? Can envy do people good? Give your reasons.
- 4) What do you think of Joanna's ambition? Was she right to sacrifice the lives of her husband and sons for the sake of her boundless ambition? Is it good to be an ambitious person? Can you name ambitious people?
- 5) Would you like to make a fortune? Say how people made fortunes in the past and how they make fortunes now. Do you think that anybody can make a fortune? What can help to make a fortune: luck or hard work?

The Son's Veto

O N E

To the eyes of a man viewing it from behind, the nut-brown hair was a wonder and a mystery. Under the black hat with black feathers the long locks, arranged like **the rushes of a basket**¹, composed a rare example of ingenious art.

And she had done it all herself, poor thing. She had no maid, and it was almost the only accomplishment she could boast of.

She was a young invalid lady, sitting in a wheeled chair, which had been pulled up close to a bandstand, where a concert was going on, during a warm June afternoon. It took place in one of the minor parks or private gardens that you can find in the suburbs of London, and was organized by a local association to raise money for some charity.

During the concert many of the listeners observed the chaired lady. When the lady turned her head, she proved to be not so handsome and less young than the people behind had had fancied her

to be. Yet her face was unquestionably attractive and not at all sickly. Its details were seen each time she turned to talk to a boy of twelve or thirteen who stood beside her. The shape of his hat and jacket showed that he belonged to a well-known public school. Some people could hear that he called her 'Mother'.

When the concert was over, she was conducted out of the gardens, and passed along the pavement till she disappeared from view. The schoolboy was walking beside her. To inquiries made by some persons who watched her away, the answer came that she was the second wife of the incumbent of a neighbouring parish, and that she was lame. She was generally believed to be a woman with a story — an innocent one, but a story of some sort or other.

On their way home the boy who walked at her elbow said that he hoped his father had not missed them.

'He have been so comfortable these last few hours that I am sure he cannot have missed us,' she replied.

'*Has*, dear mother — not *have!*' exclaimed the public-school boy. 'Surely you know that by this time!'

His mother hastily adopted the correction, and did not resent his making it. After this the pretty woman and the boy went in silence.

That question of grammar was connected with her history, and rather sad one.

In North Wessex, forty miles from London, near the thriving county-town of Aldbrickham, there stood a pretty village with its church, which she knew well enough, but her son had never seen. It was her native village, Gaymead, and the first event related to her present situation had happened at that place when she was only a girl of nineteen.

How well she remembered it, that first act in her little tragedy-comedy, the death of her husband's first wife. It happened on a spring evening, and she who now and for many years had taken that first wife's place was then parlour-maid in the parson's house.

When everything had been done that could be done, and the death was announced, she had gone out in the evening to visit her parents, who were living in the same village, to tell them the sad

news. As she opened the white swing-gate and looked towards the trees, she saw, without much surprise, the figure of a man standing in the hedge, though she exclaimed **as a matter of form**², 'Oh, Sam, how you frightened me!'

He was a young gardener. She told him the particulars of the event, and they stood silent, these two young people, in that calmly philosophic mind which comes when a tragedy has happened **close at hand**³, and has not happened to the philosophers themselves.

'And will you stay on now at the Vicarage, just the same?' asked he.

She had hardly thought of that. 'Oh, yes — I suppose!' she said. 'Everything will be just as usual, I imagine?'

He walked beside her towards her mother's house. Then his arm stole round her waist. She gently removed it; but he placed it there again, and she let it stay there. 'You see, dear Sophy, you don't know that you'll stay on; you may want a home; and I shall be ready to offer one some day, though I may not be ready just yet.'

'Why, Sam, how can you be so fast! I've never even said I liked you; and it is all your own doing, running after me!'

'Still, it is nonsense to say I can't have a try at you like the rest.' He wanted to kiss her good-bye, because they had reached her mother's door.

'No, Sam; don't do this!' she cried, putting her hand over his mouth. 'You ought to be more serious on such a night as this.' And she left him.

The vicar just left a widower was at this time a man about forty years of age, of good family, and childless. For many months after his wife's death the economy of his household remained as before; the cook, the housemaid, the parlour-maid, and **the man out-of-doors**⁴ performed their duties or left them undone. It was then proved to the parson that his servants seemed to have nothing to do in his small family of one. He was struck with the truth of this, and decided to cut down his establishment. But he was forestalled by Sophy, the parlour-maid, who said one evening that she wished to leave him.

'And why?' said the parson.

'Sam Hobson has asked me to marry him, sir.'

'Well — do you want to marry?'

'Not much. But it would be a home for me. And we have heard that one of us will have to leave.'

A day or two after she said: 'I don't want to leave just yet, sir, if you don't wish it. Sam and I have quarrelled.'

He looked up at her. He had hardly ever observed her before, though he had been frequently conscious of her soft presence in the room. What a kitten-like, tender creature she was! What should he do if Sophy were gone?

Sophy did not go, but one of the others did, and things went on quietly again.

When Mr Twycott, the vicar, was ill, Sophy brought up his meals to him, and she had no sooner left the room one day than he heard a noise on the stairs. She had slipped down with the tray, and so twisted her foot that she could not stand. The village surgeon was called in; the vicar got better, but Sophy stayed in bed for a long time. Then she was informed that she must never again walk much or stand long on her feet. As soon as she was comparatively well she spoke to him alone. Since she was forbidden to walk and bustle about, and, indeed, could not do so, it became her duty to leave. She could very well work at something sitting down, and she had an aunt a seamstress.

The parson had been very greatly moved by what she had suffered on his account, and he exclaimed, 'No, Sophy; lame or not lame, I cannot let you go. You must never leave me again!'

He came close to her, and, though she could never exactly tell how it happened, she felt his lips upon her cheek. He then asked her to marry him. Sophy did not exactly love him, but she had a respect for him, and she agreed to become his wife.

Mr Twycott knew perfectly well that he had committed social suicide by this step, despite Sophy's spotless character, and he had taken necessary measures. An exchange of livings had been arranged with a man who was incumbent of a church

in the suburb of London, and as soon as possible the couple moved there, abandoning their pretty country home, with trees and shrubs, for a narrow, dusty house in a long, straight street. They were now away from every one who had known her former position.

Sophy the woman was a charming partner, though Sophy the lady was not perfect. **She showed a natural aptitude for little domestic refinements, so far as related to things and manners; but in what is called culture she was less intuitive.**⁵ She had now been married more than fourteen years, and her husband had taken much trouble with her education; but she still held confused ideas on the use of 'was' and 'were', which did not bring her respect for her among the few acquaintances she made. Her great grief in this relation was that her only child, **on whose education no expense had been and would be spared**⁶, was now old enough to see these deficiencies in his mother, and not only to see them but to feel irritated at their existence.

She lived on in the city, and wasted hours in doing her beautiful hair. Her foot had never regained its natural strength after the accident, and she was mostly obliged to avoid walking altogether. Her husband had begun to like London for its freedom and its domestic privacy; but he was twenty years older than Sophy, and had recently fallen ill. On this day, however, he had seemed to be well enough to let her accompany her son Randolph to the concert.

TWO

Mr Twycott had never recovered from his illness. The boy had dutifully followed him to the grave, and was now again at school.

Sophy was left with no control over anything that had been her husband's beyond her modest personal income. **Her husband had been afraid that her inexperience could be overreached and had safeguarded with trustees all he possibly could.**⁷ He had arranged that his son would complete the course at the public school, to be followed in due time by Oxford and ordination. Sophy really had nothing to occupy her in the world but to eat and drink and go on

doing her the nut-brown hair. She could only keep a home open for the son whenever he came to her during vacations.

Her husband realized that he would probably die long years before her, so in his lifetime he had purchased for her use a small villa in the same long, straight road. She could live in it as long as she wanted. Here she now lived, looking at the never-ending traffic.

Her boy, with his aristocratic school-knowledge, drifted further and further away from her. He preferred his wealthy and titled friends. In her son's eyes Sophy was a mother with village origin and grammar mistakes which made him as a gentleman blush. He did not need her love. If he had lived at home with her he would have had it all; but now it remained stored.

Sophy's life became very dull; she could not take walks, and had no interest in going for drives, or, indeed, in travelling anywhere. Nearly two years passed without an event, and still she looked on that suburban road, thinking of the village in which she had been born, and where she would have gone back — O how gladly! — even to work in the fields.

Taking no exercise, she often could not sleep, and would rise in the night or early morning to look out upon the road. Early every morning about one o'clock the country vehicles started to pass with loads of vegetables for Covent Garden market.

They had an interest, almost a charm, for Sophy, these semi-rural people and vehicles moving in an urban atmosphere, leading a life quite different from that of the daytime travellers on the same road. One morning a man who accompanied a wagon-load of potatoes examined the house-fronts as he passed, and with a curious emotion she thought he looked familiar to her. She looked out for him again. His old-fashioned wagon with a yellow front, it was easily recognizable, and on the third night after she saw it a second time. The man alongside was Sam Hobson, formerly gardener at Gaymead, who had asked her at one time to marry him.

She had occasionally thought of him, and wondered if life in a cottage with him would not have been happier than the life she had accepted. She had not thought of him passionately, but now

she was very lonely, and his reappearance interested her. She went back to bed, and began thinking. When did these market-gardeners, who travelled up to town so regularly at one or two in the morning, come back? She remembered seeing their empty wagons, hardly noticeable amid the ordinary day-traffic, passing down at some hour before noon.

It was only April, but that morning, after breakfast, she had the window opened, and sat looking out. She affected to sew, but her eyes never left the street. Between ten and eleven the desired wagon, now empty, reappeared on its return journey. But Sam was not looking round him then, and drove on deep in thought.

‘Sam!’ cried she.

He turned, his face lighted up. He called to him a little boy to hold the horse, and came and stood under her window.

‘I can’t come down easily, Sam, or I would!’ she said. ‘Did you know I lived here?’

‘Well, Mrs Twycott, I knew you lived along here somewhere. I have often looked out for you.’

He briefly explained his own presence on the scene. He had long since given up his gardening in the village near Aldbrickham, and was now manager **at a market-gardener’s**⁸ on the south side of London. It was part of his duty to go up to Covent Garden with wagon-loads of produce two or three times a week. He admitted that he had come to this particular district because he had seen in the Aldbrickham paper, a year or two before, the announcement of the death in South London of the former vicar of Gaymead and he decided to find her.

They spoke of their native village in dear old North Wessex, the spots in which they had played together as children. She tried to feel that she was a dignified personage now, that she must not be too confidential with Sam. But she could not keep it up, and the tears hanging in her eyes were indicated in her voice.

‘You are not happy, Mrs Twycott, I’m afraid?’ he said.

‘O, of course not! I lost my husband only the year before last.’

‘Ah! I meant in another way. You’d like to be home again?’

‘This is my home — for life. The house belongs to me. But I understand’ — she let it out then. ‘Yes, Sam. I long for home — *our* home! I *should* like to be there, and never leave it, and die there.’ But she remembered herself. ‘That’s only a momentary feeling. I have a son, you know, a dear boy. He’s at school now.’

‘Somewhere handy, I suppose? I see there are lots of them along this road.’

‘O no! Not in one of these holes! At a public school — one of the best in England.’

‘Of course! I forget, ma’am, that you’ve been a lady for so many years.’

‘No, I am not a lady,’ she said sadly. ‘I never shall be. But he’s a gentleman, and that — makes it — O how difficult for me!’

T H R E E

The acquaintance so oddly reopened continued. She often looked out to get a few words with him, by night or by day. Her sorrow was that she could not accompany her one old friend on foot a little way, and talk more freely than she could do while he paused before the house. One night, at the beginning of June he entered the gate and said softly, ‘Now, wouldn’t some air do you good? I’ve only half a load this morning. Why not ride up to Covent Garden with me? There’s a nice seat on the cabbages, where I’ve spread a sack. You can be home again in a cab before anybody is up.’

She refused at first, and then, trembling with excitement, hastily finished her dressing, and wrapped herself up in cloak and veil and came downstairs with the help of the handrail in a way she could adopt on an emergency. When she had opened the door she found Sam on the steps, and he lifted her on his strong arm across the little court into his vehicle. Not a soul was seen or heard. The air was fresh as country air at this hour, and the stars shone, except to the north-east, where there was a whitish light — the dawn. Sam carefully placed her in the seat, and drove on.

They talked as they had talked in old days. Sam pulled himself up now and then, when he thought himself too familiar. More

than once she wondered if she ought to have stayed at home. 'But I am so lonely in my house,' she added, 'and this makes me so happy!'

It grew lighter and lighter. The sparrows became busy in the streets. When they approached the river it was day, and on the bridge they saw the full blaze of morning sunlight in the direction of St. Paul's, the river glistening in the sun, and not a boat stirring.

Near Covent Garden he put her into a cab, and they parted, looking into each other's faces like the very old friends they were. She reached home without adventure, limped to the door, and let herself in with her key unseen.

The air and Sam's presence had revived her: her cheeks were quite pink — almost beautiful. She had something to live for in addition to her son.

Soon she gave way to the temptation of going with him again, and on this occasion their conversation was more tender, and Sam said he had never forgotten her, though that she had served him rather badly at one time. After much hesitation he told her of a plan he wanted to carry out, since he did not care for London work: it was to set up as a master greengrocer down at Aldbrickham, the county-town of their native place. He knew of a shop kept by aged people who wished to retire.

'And why don't you do it, then, Sam?' she asked.

'Because I'm not sure if — you'd join me. I know you wouldn't — couldn't! Such a lady as ye've been so long, you couldn't be a wife to a man like me.'

'I hardly suppose I could!' she agreed, also frightened at the idea.

'If you could,' he said eagerly, 'you'd only have to sit in the back room and look through the glass partition when I was away sometimes — just to keep an eye on things ... I'd keep you as genteel as ever I could, dear Sophy — if I might think of it!' he pleaded.

'Sam, I'll be frank,' she said, putting her hand on his. 'If it were only myself I would do it, and gladly, though everything I possess would be lost to me by marrying again.'

'I don't mind that! It's more independent.'

'That's good of you, dear, dear Sam. But there's something else. I have a son ... He is so much educated and I so little that I do not feel dignified enough to be his mother ... Well, he would have to be told.'

'Yes. Unquestionably.' Sam saw her thought and her fear. 'Still, you can do as you like, Sophy — Mrs Twycott,' he added. 'It is not you who are the child, but he.'

'Ah, you don't know! Sam, if I could, I would marry you, some day. But you must wait a while, and let me think.'

It was enough for him, and he was happy at their parting. Not so she. To tell Randolph seemed impossible. She could wait till he had gone up to Oxford, when what she did would affect his life but little. But would he ever tolerate the idea? And if not, could she defy him?

It was on an evening when they were alone in their plain suburban residence, **where life was not blue but brown**⁹, that she told her son of a probable second marriage. She assured him that it would take place when he would be living quite independently of her.

The boy thought the idea a very reasonable one, and asked if she had chosen anybody? She hesitated.

He hoped his stepfather would be a gentleman? he said.

'Not what you call a gentleman,' she answered. 'He'll be much as I was before I knew your father;' and she hid the rest. The youth's face remained fixed for a moment; then leant on the table and burst into passionate tears.

His mother went up to him, kissed all of his face that she could get at, and patted his back as if he were still the baby he once had been. When he had somewhat recovered he went hastily to his own room and locked the door.

Sophy waited and listened. It was long before he would talk to her, and when he did it was to say sternly at her from his room: 'I am ashamed of you! It will ruin me! **A miserable boor!**¹⁰ a churl! It will degrade me in the eyes of all the gentlemen of England!'

'Say no more — perhaps I am wrong! I will struggle against it!' she cried miserably.

Before Randolph left her that summer a letter arrived from Sam to inform her that he had got the shop. It was the largest shop in the town, combining fruit with vegetables, and he thought it would form a home worthy even of her some day. Might he not run up to town to see her?

She met him by stealth, and said he must still wait for her final answer. When Randolph was home at Christmas for the holidays she touched the matter again. But the young gentleman was inexorable.

It was dropped for months; renewed again; abandoned; again attempted. In the whole the gentle creature reasoned and pleaded till four or five long years had passed. Sophy's son, now an undergraduate, was down from Oxford one Easter, when she again opened the subject. As soon as he was ordained, she argued, he would have a home of his own, and she, with her bad grammar and her ignorance, would be an obstacle to him.

He showed a more manly anger now, but did not agree. She on her side was more persistent, and he had doubts whether she could be trusted in his absence. He took her before a little cross and altar that he had erected in his bedroom for his private prayers and made her swear that she would not marry Samuel Hobson without his consent. 'I do it for the sake of my father!' he said.

The poor woman swore, thinking he would soften as soon as he was ordained and busy with his clerical work. But he did not. **His education had by this time sufficiently ousted his humanity to keep him quite firm**¹¹; though his mother might have led an idyllic life with her faithful fruiterer and greengrocer.

Her lameness became stronger as time went on, and she seldom or never left the house. 'Why mayn't I say to Sam that I'll marry him? Why mayn't I?' she would say to herself when nobody was near.

Some four years after this date a middle-aged man was standing at the door of the largest fruiterer's shop in Aldbrickham. He

was the owner, but today, instead of his usual business clothes, he wore a black neat; and his window was partly shuttered. From the railway-station a funeral procession was seen approaching: it passed his door and went out of the town towards the village of Gaymead. The man, whose eyes were wet, held his hat in his hand as the vehicles moved by; while from the coach a young smooth-shaven priest **in a high waistcoat**¹² looked black as a cloud at the shop-keeper standing there.

Vocabulary

ingenious	оригинальный
incumbent	приходский священник
parlour-maid	горничная
parson	пастор, приходский священник
vicarage	дом священника
forestall	опережать
bustle about	хлопотать, суетиться
living	церковный приход
deficiency	недостаток
defy	противостоять
inexorable	непреклонный
ordain	посвящать в духовный сан

Notes

1. **the rushes of a basket** — прутья корзины
2. **as a matter of form** — для приличия
3. **close at hand** — рядом, неподалеку
4. **the man out-of-doors** — садовник
5. **She showed a natural aptitude for little domestic refinements, so far as related to things and manners; but in what is called culture she was less intuitive.** — Она легко усваивала всё,

что касалось домашнего уюта и манер, но этого природного чутья оказалось недостаточно для приобретения того, что называется культурой.

6. **on whose education no expense had been and would be spared** — на обучение которого средств не жалели
7. **Her husband had been afraid that her inexperience could be overreached and he had safeguarded with trustees all he possibly could.** — Из опасения, что Софи по ее неопытности могут обмануть, он поручил опекунам контролировать все остальное.
8. **at a market-gardener's** — у фермера, который занимается выращиванием овощей на продажу
9. **where life was not blue but brown** — где обстановка была далеко не аристократичной, а наоборот, самой скромной
10. **A miserable boor!** — Жалкий крестьянин, деревенщина!
11. **His education had by this time sufficiently ousted his humanity to keep him quite firm** — Он оставался непоколебим: ученость уже успела вытравить в нем человеческие чувства
12. **in a high waistcoat** — в одежде священника

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Sophy attract attention of many people in the park?
- 2) How did Sophy become the wife of the vicar?
- 3) In what way did Sophy spend her life after the death of her husband?
- 4) What did Sam propose to Sophy?
- 5) Where did Randolph study and work?
- 6) Where was Sophy buried?

2 Complete the sentences.

- 1) Sophy did her long hair herself because _____.
- 2) Mr Twycott knew that he committed social suicide by marrying Sophy so he _____.
- 3) Sophy told herself that she must not be too confidential with Sam because _____.
- 4) Randolph made his mother swear that _____.
- 5) Sophy thought that her son would soften as soon as _____.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) благотворительная акция;
- 2) подвернуть ногу;
- 3) уступить соблазну;
- 4) подъехать в город;
- 5) украдкой.

4 Match the words in two columns and say in what situations they are used in the story.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1) to call in | a) no expense |
| 2) to oust | b) money |
| 3) to spare | c) establishment |
| 4) to cut down | d) humanity |
| 5) to raise | e) a surgeon |

5 Fill in the gaps with the verbs from the box.

retire	be degraded	
fancy	forestall	affect

- 1) Sophy turned her head, and the people at the concert saw that she was less young that they _____ her to be.
- 2) The parlourmaid _____ the vicar telling him that she wished to leave.

- 3) Sophy _____ to sew, but her eyes never left the street.
- 4) Sam bought a shop kept by aged people who wished to _____.
- 5) Randolph was sure that if his mother had married a greengrocer he _____ in the eyes of his wealthy and titled friends.

6 Choose the appropriate attributes from the box and give character sketches of:

Sophy Twycott Sam Hobson Randolph Twycott

poor kind inexperienced
 sad friendly attentive
 young selfish respectful
 cruel weak charming
 insistent unhappy gentlemanly
 dignified proud educated
 lonely faithful miserable

7 What do you think?

- 1) Did Sophy live a happy life? What kind of relations did she have with her husband and son? Would her life have been happier if she had married Sam?
- 2) What kind of a person was Randolph? Why did he forbid his mother to get married again? Did he have the right to do it? Do we have the right to demand sacrifices from other people?
- 3) Why do you think Sophy did not defy her son? Did she do it out of love for him? Do you approve of such love? Do you think that Sophy needed to be more firm? Is it important to defend your own happiness?
- 4) What do you think of Sam's feelings? Is it possible nowadays to meet people who could be so faithful? Are you capable of such faithfulness and patience?



An Imaginative Woman

When William Marchmill had finished his inquiries for lodgings at the well-known watering-place of Solentsea in Upper Wessex, he returned to the hotel to find his wife. She, with the children, had rambled along the shore, and Marchmill followed in the direction indicated by the military-looking hall-porter.

'How far you've gone! I am quite out of breath,' Marchmill said, rather impatiently, when he approached his wife, who was reading as she walked, the three children being considerably further ahead with the nurse.

'Will you come and see if what I've found? There is not much choice, I am afraid. The town is rather full.'

The pair left the children and nurse to continue their ramble, and went back together.

The husband's business was that of a gunmaker in a thriving city, and his soul was in that business always; the lady was best characterised as 'a votary of the muse¹'. An impressionable creature was Ella, suffering from detailed knowledge of her husband's trade whenever she thought that everything he manufactured had for its purpose the destruction of life.

In spite of this, she had never regarded this occupation of his as any objection to having him for a husband. Indeed, **the necessity of getting life-leased at all cost²**, a cardinal virtue which all good mothers teach, kept her from thinking of it at all till she had married William, had passed the honeymoon. Then she came to some vague conclusions, and since then had kept her heart alive by pitying her husband's obtuseness, pitying herself, and letting off her delicate emotions in imaginative occupations, day-dreams, and night-sighs.

Her figure was small and elegant. She was dark-eyed, and had that bright sparkle in her eyes which characterises **persons of Ella's cast of soul³**, and is too often a cause of heartache to men. Her husband was a tall, long-featured man, with a brown beard; and was, it must be added, usually kind and tolerant to her.

Husband and wife walked till they had reached the house they were in search of, which stood in a terrace facing the sea. It had a small garden of wind-proof and salt-proof evergreens, with stone steps leading up to the porch. The spot was bright and lively now; but in winter it became necessary to place sandbags against the door, and to stuff up the keyhole against the wind and rain.

The householder, who had been waiting for the gentleman's return, met them in the passage, and showed the rooms. She informed them that she was a **professional man's⁴** widow, left in needy circumstances by the rather sudden death of her husband.

Mrs Marchmill said that she liked the house; but it was small, and she wanted to have all the rooms. The landlady was disappointed. She wanted the visitors to be her tenants very badly, she said, with obvious honesty. But unfortunately two of the rooms were occupied permanently by a gentleman. He kept on his rooms

all the year round, and was an extremely nice and interesting young man, who gave no trouble. So she did not like to turn him out for a month's 'let,' even at a high figure. 'Perhaps, however,' she added, 'he might offer to go for a time.'

They would not hear of this, and went back to the hotel, intending to inquire further. When they had sat down to tea the landlady called. Her gentleman, she said, had been so nice as to offer to give up his rooms for three or four weeks rather than drive the newcomers away.

'It is very kind, but we won't inconvenience him in that way,' said the Marchmills.

'O, it won't inconvenience him!' said the landlady. 'You see, he's a different sort of young man from most — dreamy, lonely, rather melancholy — and he cares more to be here when the winds are beating against the door, and there's not a soul in the place, than he does now in the season. He's going temporarily to a little cottage on the Island opposite, for a change.'

The Marchmill family took possession of the house next day, and it seemed to suit them very well. After lunch Mr Marchmill went towards the pier, and Mrs Marchmill, having sent the children to their outdoor amusements on the sands, settled herself in more completely, examining this and that object.

In the small back sitting-room, which had been the young gentleman's, she found furniture of a more personal nature than in the rest. Shabby books, **of correct rather than rare editions⁵**, were piled up in corners.

'I'll make this my own little room,' said Mrs Marchmill to the landlady, 'because the books are here. By the way, the person who has left seems to have many books. He won't mind my reading some of them, Mrs Hooper, I hope?'

'O no, ma'am. Yes, he has many books. You see, he is a poet — yes, really a poet — and he has a little income of his own, which is enough to write verses on, but not enough **for cutting a figure⁶**.'

'A poet! O, I did not know that.'

Mrs Marchmill opened one of the books, and saw the owner's

name written on the title-page. 'Dear me!' she continued; 'I know his name very well — Robert Trewe — of course I do; and his writings! And it is *his* rooms we have taken, and *him* we have turned out of his home?'

Ella Marchmill, sitting down alone a few minutes later, thought with interested surprise of Robert Trewe. Her own history will best explain that interest. She herself had during the last year or two started writing poems, trying to escape from emotional stagnation caused by practical responsibilities and dull life. These poems, subscribed with a masculine pseudonym, had appeared in various magazines. Once on the page which had her poem at the bottom, in small print, at the top, in large print, there were published a few verses on the same subject by this very man, Robert Trewe. Both of them had, in fact, been struck by a tragic incident reported in the daily papers, and had used it simultaneously as an inspiration. The editor remarked in a note upon the coincidence, saying that he had given them together because both were very good.

After that event Ella, otherwise 'John Ivy', had watched with much attention the appearance anywhere in print of poems with the signature of Robert Trewe. Mrs Marchmill passed herself off as a man because she was sure that nobody would believe in her inspiration if they found that the sentiments came from a pushing tradesman's wife and mother of three children.

Trewe's verse contrasted with that of **the rank and file**⁷ of recent minor poets in being very passionate. He was little attracted by excellences of form and rhythm apart from content, his feelings were often very strong.

With sad and hopeless envy Ella Marchmill had often and often scanned the rival poet's work, so much stronger as it always was than her own lines. She had imitated him, and her inability to touch his level sent her into despair. Then she learned from the publishers' list that Trewe had collected his pieces into a volume, which was issued, and was much praised, and had a sale quite sufficient to pay for the printing.

This step had suggested to John Ivy the idea of making up a book of her own rhymes. **A ruinous charge was made for costs of publication**⁸; a few reviews noticed her poor little volume; but nobody talked of it and nobody bought it.

Fortunately she was going to have a third child, and the collapse of her poetical venture had perhaps less effect upon her mind than it might have done if she had been domestically unoccupied. Her husband had paid the bills of the publisher and the doctor, and there it all had ended for the time. But later on Ella began to feel the old inspiration again. And now by an odd coincidence she found herself in the rooms of Robert Trewe.

She thoughtfully rose from her chair and searched the apartment with interest. Yes, the volume of his own verse was among the rest. She called up Mrs Hooper, the landlady, for some small service, and asked again about the young man.

'Well, I'm sure you'd be interested in him, ma'am, if you could see him, only he's so shy that I don't suppose you will. He is mostly writing or reading, and doesn't see many people, though he is such a good, kind young fellow that people would be glad to be friendly with him if they knew him. You don't meet kind-hearted people every day.'

'Ah, he's kind-hearted ... and good.'

'Yes. Still he's odd in some things. Once when he had finished a poem of his composition late at night he walked up and down the room rehearsing it. The floors are so thin — **jerry-built houses**⁹, you know, though — he kept me awake up ... But we get on very well.'

This was but the beginning of a series of conversations about the rising poet. On one of these occasions Mrs Hooper attracted Ella's attention to what she had not noticed before: minute scribblings in pencil on the wallpaper behind the curtains at the head of the bed.

'O! let me look,' said Mrs Marchmill, unable to conceal curiosity as she bent her pretty face close to the wall.

'These,' said Mrs Hooper, with the manner of a woman who knew things, 'are the very beginnings and first thoughts of his verses.'

He has tried to rub most of them out, but you can read them still. I believe that he wakes up in the night, you know, with some rhyme in his head, and writes it down there on the wall because he doesn't want to forget it by the morning. Some of these very lines you see here I have seen afterwards in print in the magazines. Some are newer; indeed, I have not seen that one before. It must have been done only a few days ago.'

'O yes! ...'

Ella Marchmill suddenly wished her companion would go away. She felt personal interest rather than literary. She wanted to read the inscription alone.

Ella's husband spent his time sailing. He went without his wife, who was a bad sailor. The life of Ella was monotonous enough, and mainly consisted in bathing and walking up and down the shore. But the poetic flame was strong again, and she did not notice the things around her.

She had read till she knew by heart Trewe's last little volume of verses, and spent a great deal of time trying in vain to rival some of them. She was surrounded day and night by his customary environment, which literally whispered of him to her at every moment; but he was a man she had never seen. **Ella did not realize that all that moved her was the instinct to specialize a waiting emotion on the first suitable thing on her path.**¹⁰

One evening she had a further talk with the landlady.

'You are interested in Mr Trewe, I know, ma'am,' said the landlady; 'he has just sent to say that he is going to call tomorrow afternoon. He needs some of his books. May he take them from your room?'

'O yes!'

'You could very well meet Mr Trewe then, if you like!'

She promised with secret delight, and went to bed thinking of him.

Next morning her husband observed: 'I have gone sailing a good deal and left you without much to amuse you. Today, as **there's not much sea**¹¹, I'll take you with me on board the yacht.'

For the first time in her experience of such an offer Ella was not glad. Now she was clearly in love with the poet, and her desire to see him overpowered all other considerations.

She told her husband that she did not want to sail. He was indifferent, and went his way.

For the rest of the day the house was quiet. The children had gone out upon the sands. Mrs Marchmill became impatient. The books were in the room where she sat; but nobody came up. Then Mrs Hooper came in.

'So disappointing!' she said. 'Mr Trewe is not coming after all! I forgot to tell you that Mr Trewe sent a note just before lunch to say that he would not need the books, and wouldn't come to get them.'

Ella was miserable, and for a long time could not even re-read his ballads. So aching was her little heart, and so tearful were her eyes. When the children came in with wet stockings, and ran up to her to tell her of their adventures, she could not feel that she cared about them half as much as usual.

'Mrs Hooper, have you a photograph of — the gentleman who lived here?'

'Why, yes. It's in frame on the mantelpiece in your own bedroom, ma'am.'

'No; the Royal Duke and Duchess are in that.'

'Yes, so they are; but he's behind them. As he went away he said: "Cover me up from those strangers that are coming, for God's sake. I don't want them staring at me, and I am sure they won't want me staring at them." So I put the Duke and Duchess in front of him. If you take 'em out you'll see him under. No, ma'am, he wouldn't mind if he knew it! He didn't think the next tenant would be such an attractive lady as you.'

Just then a telegram was brought up. It came from her husband, who had gone down the Channel as far as Budmouth with his friends in the yacht, and would not be able to get back till next day.

Ella refrained from running upstairs and opening the picture-frame. She preferred to see the photo alone, in a more romantic evening atmosphere.

Ella went to her room when it was not yet ten o'clock. First she put on her dressing-gown, then arranged a chair in front of the table and read several pages of Trewe's tender verses. Next she brought the portrait-frame to the light, opened the back and took out the photograph.

It was a remarkable face. The poet had a luxuriant black moustache and beard, and a hat, which shaded the forehead. The large dark eyes were sad.

Ella fell into thought, till her eyes filled with tears, and she touched the picture with her lips. Then she laughed with a nervous lightness, and wiped her eyes.

She thought how bad she was, a woman having a husband and three children, to spend much time thinking about a stranger. No, he was not a stranger! She knew his thoughts and feelings as well as she knew her own; they were, in fact, the same thoughts and feelings as hers, which her husband lacked.

She put his book and the picture on the table and re-read those of Robert Trewe's verses, which she had marked from time to time as most touching and true. Then she set up the photograph on its edge on the bed and scanned again by the light of the candle the pencillings on the wallpaper beside her head. No doubt, they had often been written up by the light of the moon, in the rays of the lamp, in the blue-grey dawn, and perhaps never in full daylight. And now she was here, feeling the very essence of him.

While she was dreaming, she heard her husband's heavy steps. 'Ell, where are you?'

She could not have described her feelings, but, she did not want to let her husband know what she had been doing. She slipped the photograph under the pillow just as he opened the door, with the air of a man who had dined not badly.

'How is it you've come?'

'Well, we found we could get back in very good time after all.'

Next morning Marchmill woke up at six o'clock. Ella heard him saying to himself: 'What is this that's been crackling under me?' He searched round him and found something. Through her half-opened eyes she saw that it was Mr Trewe.

'What's that?' her husband exclaimed.

'What, dear?' said she.

'A photograph of a man — a friend of our landlady, I suppose.'

'I was looking at it yesterday, and it must have dropped on the bed then.'

'O, he's a friend of yours? Looks picturesque!'

Ella's loyalty to the object of her admiration could not endure to hear him ridiculed. 'He's a clever man!' she said, with a tremor in her gentle voice which she herself felt to be absurdly uncalled for. 'He is a rising poet — the gentleman who occupied two of these rooms before we came, though I've never seen him.'

'How do you know, if you've never seen him?'

'Mrs Hooper told me when she showed me the photograph.'

'O, well, I must go. Sorry I can't take you today, dear.'

A week later the Marchmill family were sitting in the train leaving the place which had produced so much passion in Ella. She could no longer see the deep blue sea, and with it her poet's home. Heavy-hearted, she tried to read, and wept instead.

Mr Marchmill and his family lived in a large new house a few miles outside the city where he carried on his trade. Ella's life was lonely here, and she had much time to write poems. She had hardly got back when she saw a piece by Robert Trewe in the new number of her favourite magazine, which must have been written almost immediately before her visit to Solentsea. It contained the very lines she had seen pencilled on the wallpaper by the bed. Ella could resist no longer. She seized a pen impulsively and wrote to him as a brother-poet, using the name of John Ivy, congratulating him in her letter on his latest poetic success as compared with her own poor efforts in poetry.

To this address there came a response in a few days, in which the young poet stated that, though he was not well acquainted with

Mr Ivy's verse, he remembered the name as being the author of some very promising pieces; that he was glad to gain Mr Ivy's acquaintance by letter, and should certainly look with much interest for his productions in the future.

Their correspondence continued for two months or more. Ella Marchmill sent him from time to time some that she considered to be the best of her pieces, which he very kindly accepted, but he did not send her any of his own in return. A flattering little voice told her that if he saw her, matters would be different. A friend of her husband's, the editor of the most important newspaper in their city and county, who was dining with them one day, said during their conversation about the poet that his (the editor's) brother, the landscape-painter, was a friend of Mr Trewe's, and that the two men were at that very moment in Wales together.

Ella was slightly acquainted with the editor's brother. The next morning she sat down and wrote, inviting him to stay at her house for a short time on his way back, and asking him to bring with him, if possible, his companion Mr Trewe, whom she wanted to meet. The answer arrived some days later. Her correspondent and his friend Trewe would have much satisfaction in accepting her invitation on their way back, which would be on such and such a day in the following week.

Ella was happy. Her plan had succeeded; her beloved though as yet unseen one was coming.

It was about five in the afternoon when she heard a ring at the door and the editor's brother's voice in the hall. Soon her visitor entered the drawing-room, but nobody else came through the door. Where, in the name of the God of Love, was Robert Trewe?

'O, I'm sorry,' said the painter, after their introductory words had been spoken. 'Trewe is a curious fellow, you know, Mrs Marchmill. He said he'd come; then he said he couldn't. He's rather dusty, and he wanted to get on home.'

'He — he's not coming?'

'He's not; and he asked me to make his apologies.'

She wanted to run away from this dreadful bore and cry her eyes out.

'The truth is, he's a little bit depressed just now, and doesn't want to see anybody. He's a very good fellow, and a warm friend, but a little uncertain and gloomy sometimes. His poetry is rather too erotic and passionate, you know; and he has been severely criticized by the Review that was published yesterday; he saw a copy of it at the station by accident. Perhaps you've read it?'

'No.'

'So much the better. O, it is not worth thinking of; just one of those articles written to order. But he's upset by it. He can **stand a fair attack**¹², but he can't stand lies that he's powerless to refute and stop from spreading. That's just Trewe's weak point. He lives so much by himself that these things impress him too much.'

'Has he never said anything about getting letters from this address?'

'Yes, yes, he has, from John Ivy — perhaps a relative of yours, he thought, visiting here at the time?'

'Did he — like Ivy, did he say?'

'Well, I don't know that he was much interested in Ivy.'

'Or in his poems?'

'Or in his poems — so far as I know, that is.'

Robert Trewe was not interested in her house, in her poems, or in their writer. As soon as she could get away she went into the nursery and tried to let off her emotion by unnecessarily kissing the children, till she had a sudden sense of disgust at being reminded how ordinary-looking they were, like their father.

A day or two later, when she was sitting upstairs alone one morning, she glanced over the London paper and read the following paragraph:

SUICIDE OF A POET

Mr Robert Trewe, who has been favourably known for some years as one of our rising poets, committed suicide at his lodgings at Solentsea on Saturday evening by shooting himself in the right

temple with a revolver. Readers hardly need to be reminded that Mr Trewe has recently attracted the attention of the public by his new volume of verse, mostly of a passionate kind, entitled *Lyrics to a Woman Unknown*, which has been made the subject of a severe criticism in the *Review*. It is supposed that the article may have been the reason of his death, as a copy of the review was found on his writing-table; and he has been observed to be in a somewhat depressed state of mind since the critique appeared.

Then came the report of the inquest, at which the following letter was read. It was addressed to a friend at a distance:

DEAR —, I will not trouble you by giving my reasons for the step I have taken, though I can assure you they were sound and logical. Perhaps if I had had a mother, or a sister, or a female friend of another sort tenderly devoted to me, I might have thought it worthwhile to continue my present existence. I have long dreamt of such an unattainable creature, as you know, and she, this unmet one, inspired my last volume; the imaginary woman alone, because, in spite of what has been said by some people, there is no real woman behind the title. Tell my landlady that I am sorry to trouble her; but my occupancy of the rooms will soon be forgotten. There are sufficient funds in my name at the bank to pay all expenses. R. TREWE.

Ella sat for a while, then rushed into her bedroom in tears.

Her grief shook her to pieces; she lay on the bed more than an hour. Broken words came every now and then from her trembling lips: 'O, if he had only known of me — known of me — me! ... O, if I had only once met him — only once; put my hand upon his hot forehead — kissed him — let him know how I loved him — that I would have lived and died for him! Perhaps it would have saved his dear life! ...'

She wrote to the landlady at Solentsea, sending some money and asking Mrs Hooper to get a small portion of his hair before his

coffin was closed down, and send it her as a memorial of him, as also the photograph that was in the frame.

By the return-post a letter arrived containing what had been requested. Ella cried over the portrait and locked it in her private drawer; the hair she tied with white ribbon and put in her bosom. She drew it and kissed it every now and then.

'What's the matter?' said her husband, looking up from his newspaper on one of these occasions. 'Crying over something? A lock of hair¹³? Whose is it?'

'He's dead!' she whispered.

'Who?'

'I don't want to tell you, Will, just now!' she said, with a sob in her voice.

'O, all right.'

Mr Marchmill, too, was aware of a suicide at the house they had occupied at Solentsea. He had seen the volume of poems in his wife's hand and heard fragments of the landlady's conversation about Trewe when they were her tenants, and now he all at once said to himself, 'Why of course it's he! ... How did she get to know him? What sly animals women are!'

By this time Ella at home had come to a determination. Mrs Hooper had informed her of the day of the funeral. Caring very little now what her husband or anyone else might think of her eccentricities, she wrote Marchmill a brief note, stating that she was called away for the afternoon and evening, but would return on the following morning. This she left on his desk. Then she gave the same information to the servants and went out of the house on foot.

When Mr Marchmill reached home early in the afternoon the servants looked worried. Marchmill drove to the railway-station, and took a ticket for Solentsea.

It was dark when he reached the place. He asked the way to the Cemetery, and soon reached it. The gate was locked, but the keeper let him in, declaring, however, that there was nobody there. Although it was not late, the autumnal darkness had now become

intense; and he found some difficulty in keeping to the path. Finally he saw an object beside a newly made grave. Ella heard him, and sprang up.

'Ell, how silly this is!' he said indignantly. 'It is too ridiculous that you, a married woman with three children and a fourth coming, should go losing your head like this over a dead lover! ... Do you know you were locked in? You might not have been able to get out all night.'

She did not answer.

'I won't tolerate any more of this sort of thing; do you hear?'

'Very well,' she said.

He conducted her out of the Cemetery.

The months passed, and neither of them ever ventured to start a conversation upon this episode. Ella seemed to be only too frequently in a sad mood. The time was approaching when she would have to undergo the stress of childbirth for a fourth time, and that apparently did not raise her spirits.

'I don't think I shall get over it this time!' she said one day.

'Pooh! What childish thinking! Why shouldn't it be as well now as ever?'

She shook her head. 'I feel almost sure I am going to die; and I should be glad, if it were not for Nelly, and Frank, and Tiny.'

'And me!'

'You'll soon find somebody to take my place,' she said, with a sad smile. 'And you'll have a perfect right to do it; I am sure of that.'

'Ell, you are not thinking still about that — your poetical friend?'

She neither admitted nor denied it.

In fact, six weeks later she was lying in her room, pulseless and bloodless, with hardly strength enough left. The boy for whose life she was slowly parting with her own was fat and well. Just before her death she spoke to Marchmill softly —

'Will, I want to confess to you the entire circumstances of that time we visited Solentsea. I can't tell what had happened to me — how I could forget you so, my husband! I thought you had been un-

kind; that you hadn't paid attention to me; that you weren't up to my intellectual level, while he was, and far above it. I wanted somebody who could appreciate me, perhaps, rather than another lover —'

She could get no further then because she was tired. She died a few hours later, without having said anything more to her husband on the subject of her love for the poet. William Marchmill then was little disturbed by retrospective jealousies, but a couple of years after her death, when he was looking through some forgotten papers that he wished to destroy before his second wife entered the house, he found a lock of hair in an envelope, with the photograph of the poet. The date was written on the back in his wife's hand. It was that of the time they spent at Solentsea.

Marchmill looked long at the hair and portrait, because something struck him. He went to the nursery and came up to the little boy who had been the reason of his mother's death. He took him on his knee, held the lock of hair against the child's head, and set up the photograph on the table behind, so that he could closely compare the features of two faces.

By a known but inexplicable trick of Nature there was undoubtedly strong resemblance to the man Ella had never seen; the child had the same dreamy expression of the poet's face, and the hair was of the same colour.

'Then she *did* play me false with that fellow at the lodgings!' said Marchmill. 'Let me see: the dates — the second week in August ... the third week in May ... Yes ... yes ... Get away! You are nothing to me!'

Vocabulary

ramble прогуливаться

thriving процветающий

obtuse глупость, ограниченность

tenant жилец

pushing энергичный, предприимчивый

despair отчаяние
luxuriant пышный
picturesque живописный
uncalled for неуместный
refute опровергать
inquest следствие
bosom грудь
sly хитрый, коварный
venture рискованная затея, отваживаться

Notes

1. **a votary of the muse** — любительница поэзии
2. **the necessity of getting life-leased at all cost** — необходимость любой ценой обеспечить свое будущее
3. **persons of Ella's cast of soul** — родственные с Эллой души
4. **professional man** — человек свободной профессии (адвокат, врач, священник *и т. п.*)
5. **of correct rather than rare editions** — обычные, не редкие издания
6. **for cutting a figure** — чтобы громко заявить о себе
7. **the rank and file** — основная масса, большинство
8. **jerry-built houses** — непрочные дома, построенные кое-как
9. **A ruinous charge was made for costs of publication** — Издание книги обошлось в разорительную сумму
10. **Ella did not realize that all that moved her was the instinct to specialize a waiting emotion on the first suitable thing on her path.** — Элла не осознавала, что ею двигало инстинктивное желание использовать для выражения накопившихся чувств первый попавшийся повод.
11. **there's not much sea** — на море спокойно
12. **stand a fair attack** — стерпеть справедливую критику
13. **lock of hair** — локон

Exercises

1 Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did the Marchmills go for their vacation?
- 2) Can you describe William Marchmill?
- 3) How did Ella spend her life at home?
- 4) What pseudonym did Ella use?
- 5) Who was Robert Trewe?
- 6) What was Mr Trewe's weak point?
- 7) Why did Mr Trewe commit suicide?
- 8) What made William Marchmill go to the watering-place in autumn?
- 9) What did William say when he found the photograph of the poet?

2 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right answer.

- 1) Ella and William Marchmill had three children.
- 2) The landlady of the house in Solentsea was the mother of the poet.
- 3) Ella's book of rhymes was well received by the public and literary reviews.
- 4) During their stay at Solentsea William Marchmill went sailing without his wife who was a bad sailor.
- 5) On learning that her husband was to be absent Ella rushed to see the photograph of the poet.
- 6) Ella wrote to the landlady at Solentsea informing her of the poet's death.
- 7) When Mr Marchmill arrived to the cemetery, he found Ella at the newly made grave.

3 Find in the text the English for:

- 1) впечатлительное создание;

- 2) главная добродетель;
- 3) выгонять ради сдачи внаем на месяц;
- 4) неудача затеи с публикацией стихов;
- 5) надписи на обоях, сделанные карандашом;
- 6) пересиливать все другие соображения;
- 7) заказные статьи.

4 Suggest the Russian for:

- 1) to escape from emotional stagnation;
- 2) if she had been domestically unoccupied;
- 3) to let off her emotion;
- 4) you weren't up to my intellectual level;
- 5) William was little disturbed by retrospective jealousies.

5 Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

to affect	in needy circumstances
lodgings	to lack
play false	

- 1) Terrible criticism could _____ Robert Trewe less if he did not live so much by himself.
- 2) William Marchmill spent much time inquiring for _____.
- 3) Ella felt that Robert Trewe had the same thoughts and feelings as hers, which her husband _____.
- 4) Mrs Hooper was left _____ by the sudden death of her husband.
- 5) William Marchmill thought that his wife _____ him _____ with the poet.

6 Say why:

- 1) Mrs Hooper asked the poet to give up his rooms for a month.

- 2) Ella preferred to stay in the poet's room.
- 3) Ella chose a masculine pseudonym.
- 4) Ella decided to invite Mr Trewe to her house.
- 5) Robert Trewe stayed away from Ella.
- 6) Ella did not tell her husband what really happened in Solentsea.

7 What do you think?

- 1) What do you think of William and Ella? Were they happy together? Did they have common interests?
- 2) What do you feel about Ella? Do you like her? Give your reasons. Was she strong or weak? Why was poetry so important to her?
- 3) What kind of man do you think was Robert Trewe? Why was he lonely? Could he love a real woman?
- 4) What do you think of Ella's love for the poet? Would her feelings have changed if she had got to know the real Robert Trewe? Was she able to leave her husband and children for the sake of her lover?

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